KNAVE

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IN
KNAVE
THIS MONTH...
**STARS,
STRIPES
& SEX**

THE KNAVE
INTERVIEW:
**WE MEET
HOLLYWOOD'S
BEST
BADDIE!**

Girl CHAT

BIBI-TALK

When the boffin of the blurbs invites you to "cast your beady eyes" over Bibi, I can only assume it is in reference to the peculiar excrescences on the curtainy thing behind her. One concludes that it is some form of jokey byplay from the self-indulgent "arf-arf" which follows the bon-mot. Either that, or he has taken up Popeye impersonations, or else he has been chatting up too many sheepdogs recently.

I shall make no attempt to find a meaning for Bibi's name. It is plain silly. Her English, says the blurb writer, "is about as good as my Swahili". He might just as easily have said that her English and his are on a par. Apparently she's Austrian, which the writer thinks is cause for a cry of "Hans up". I ought to think of a Kurt reply really...

POP! MUSIC

No doubt I missed it in the British papers, but thanks to the Canada's *Sun*, I am able to read how "Loud rock makes teen's brain explode." This bizarre headline covers the tragic tale of a Liverpudlian lad whose parents "knew something like this would happen" when the boy persisted in playing high-volume pop through his stereo headphones.

The victim's 16-year-old sister is said to have actually heard the chap's brain explode. "He was dancing around with his headphones on, when I heard this real loud pop," she is quoted as saying.

Although doctors say a cerebral haemorrhage was to blame, the boy's parents are having none of it. Says Dad: "He was perfectly healthy until he started listening to that kind of music."

"It was the rock music that destroyed his brain," asserts his mother. Quite.

But I wonder if this explains anything about the Editor of *Fiesta?*

CHICK IN THE BASQUE

The young lady with the entirely superfluous yellow basque thingy – unless these items are specifically designed to cover no more than the navel – is called Belinda, and according to the author of her blurb (which is as skimpy as her costume), she spent a lot of time rolling aroung on the floor.

I am not surprised that she reportedly took violent action to prevent the photographer from joining her in this activity. Not only are these lensmen almost inevitably spotty, superannuated peeping-toms who are effectively getting paid to pursue their hobbies, but this one doubtless didn't realise Belinda's own hobby is impersonations, and that she didn't want him muscling in and spoiling her take-off of El Gutto the gross Editor following a lunchtime session at the Phlegm and Firkin.

The book doesn't know what her name means, but it's something to do with snakes, I pointed this out to El Gutto, but he started massaging his groin and mumbling about Sigmund Freud, so I made my excuses and left.

By the way, have you noticed how her tits follow you about the room! *(Chance would be a fine thing – Ed).*

FISHY FILLY

Men, for reasons entirely beyond the powers of science to explain, will quite happily wander around the house stark naked except for their socks. When they think no one is watching, I mean – not when the vicar is round for tea. Well, I suppose that depends on your vicar.

If the hundreds of *Knave* models I have seen are anything like a fair cross-section of the populace (which I doubt), then with women, it seems to be necklaces. A prime example among this month's selection is Corrine, the one giving a blow-job to a glass of lemonade and sporting that inevitable lurid string of beads. (The blurbist thinks they are pearls. You may snigger at will).

You won't find Corrine in your reference books, but you will certainly come across *Corinne*, which is some dead language's form of 'maiden'. Since this signifies virgin, or a spell at cricket when no one gets to score, I can only surmise that this girl wore her name out some years ago, and consequently had to change the spelling.

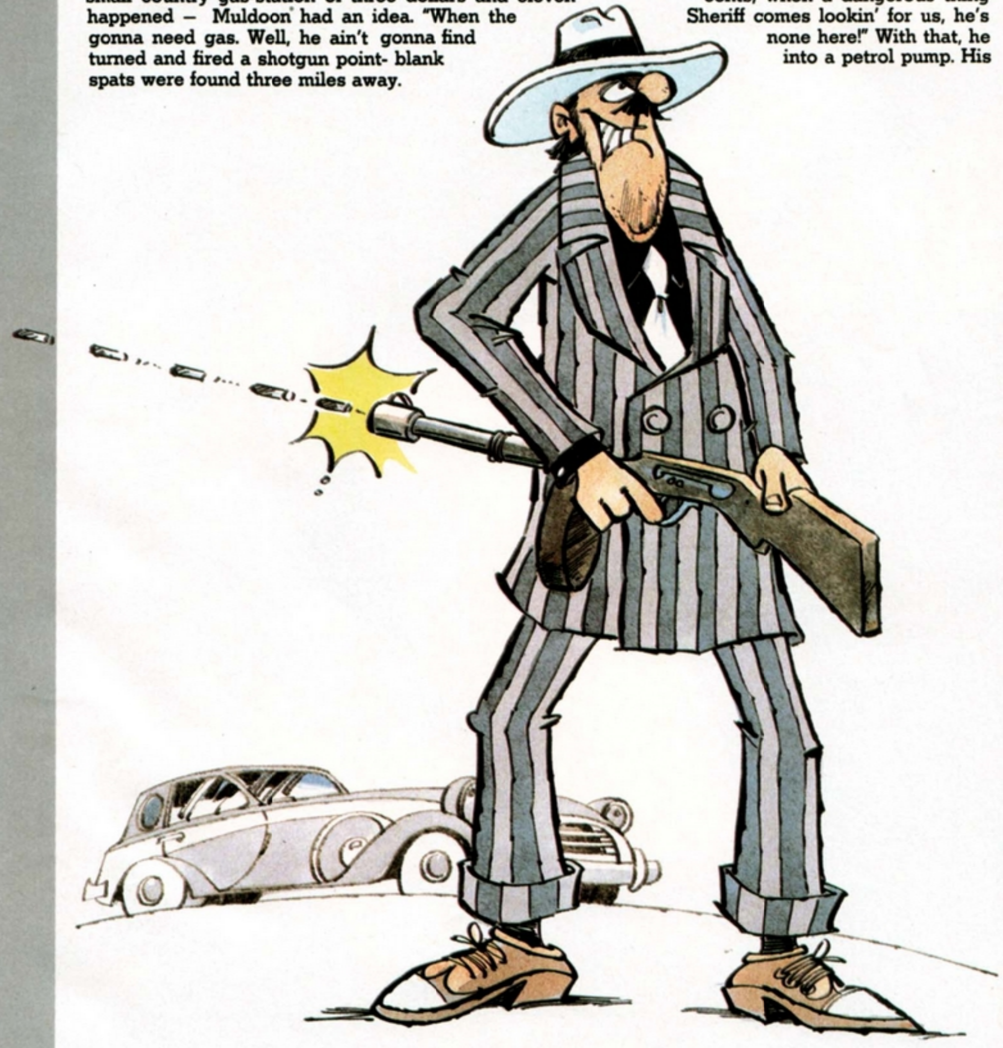
The blurbist is afraid that if she does not start using sun oil soon, she will end up looking like a lobster. He must have a peculiar idea of what lobsters look like!

KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

"KNUCKLE-HEAD MULDOON" (1903-1934)

"Knuckle-Head" Muldoon was, quite simply, the thickest man who ever lived. His attempts at being part of the crime-wave which gripped America during the Depression were laughable. His first effort at robbing a bank ended when it was pointed out that he was in a pet shop. Undaunted, he shot three budgies and made off with half a pound of millet. It was at this stage that he met up with an equally-stupid hooker called Myrna. "You're a hooker, huh?" was his opening line. "Okay, so I'll be your pimple!" There then followed a ludicrous and eventually fatal attempt to emulate their notorious contemporaries, Bonnie and Clyde. "Knuckle-Head" and Myrna had just succeeded in robbing a small country gas-station of three dollars and eleven cents, when a dangerous thing happened – Muldoon had an idea. "When the Sheriff comes lookin' for us, he's gonna need gas. Well, he ain't gonna find none here!" With that, he turned and fired a shotgun point- blank into a petrol pump. His spats were found three miles away.



Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

A LOAD OF PAPILLON

It usually only takes a month or two for *Knave* assistant editors to be reduced by the Editor, the beer at the Grevious Bodily Arms, and sheer poverty to the state of slavering half-wittedness. You can tell when this point has arrived, because instead of leaping to each fresh blurb filled with semi-literary inspiration, pounding their copy out in two minutes flat, they stare at the photographs for half an hour, put a sheet of paper in the typewriter, have another long look at the pictures through a magnifying glass, drool copiously, then look up the meaning of the model's name so they will have more to say than "Jeez, what a pair of knockers".

Strangely enough, this ruse has only been used once in this month's blurbs (which means that it must be *my* turn to run a name check on them) and that is for the gal in the scarlet undies – Vanessa. It means "the butterfly", El Blotto assures us, which is presumably intended to leave me leeway to say that she awakes interest in the Editor's purple emperor, or – granted the colour scheme – that one might describe her as a red admirable.

SUGAR SWEET

The cheerleader-look model is called Candy, and apparently she's *Knave's* concession to the approach of American Independence Day. It's amazing what they'll do to boost their overseas circulation figures. Actually, it is even more amazing what they *won't* do. In the usual cheapo Galaxy way, they've not only saved money by using a home-grown model for the occasion – they even admit to it. Still, in its own way I suppose Blackpool is a pretty cosmopolitan place for a pseudo-American girl to come from, what with its own Eiffel tower and a Ripley's Believe It Or Not – at least, I suppose it's all still there.

With this July being the 200th anniversary of the French revolution, I put it to El Gutto, the gross Editor, that he might well do a Bastille set, but the dozy old bastard was under the impression that it was a brand of soap.

As for names, I considered the possibility that it was a derivation of Candida, but settled for the obvious explanation that she's simply good enough to eat. I can see you're nodding.

FRENCH TICKLER

It is reckoned that, in any field, there is usually something the professionals can learn from the dabblers, and so it proved with this month's amateur model, Alicia Tonneau. Not that what she's doing with that chair is actually a modelling trick as such, but more a point of general interest to women readers. This is, in fact, Alicia's bright scheme for indulging in rear-entry sex (or "doggy fashion" as you Crufts fans probably refer to it), without getting friction burns on your knees from the nylon carpets. Somehow, I doubt it will catch on.

If the smartarses out there are chortling to themselves "He won't find Alicia in his cheapo book of names", they can go whistle up their own bums, because I did and it means 'of noble sort'. Dull stuff, huh?

Mind you, etymologically the name is more or less identical to Adelaide, so I suppose we should be grateful she didn't spend the entire session on her head.

BACK FOR MORE

Alana is the one wearing a white something-or-other that only just fails to cover her tits. You will not be unduly surprised to learn that I couldn't find the name in my poxy dictionary, but it's obviously the feminine version of Alan, signifying harmony. Feminine harmony? Sounds like a pubic hairspray or something.

This is not Alana's first appearance in this flaccid organ, and according to the blotto blurbist, in the interim she "has been working in the States showing our transatlantic cousins just how it's done." How what's done? All-in tiddleywinks? Sex-aids? Individual medleys? Relay stamp-collecting? Invading Nicaragua? I think we should be told.

SPOOKIE NOOKIE

If you think the British newspapers carry some pretty silly stories, the American publications would have you in fits of giggles. My thanks to Arnie, who brought me a batch of crazy papers back from the States last December, including the Canadian *Sun*.

I've heard of plenty of girls who claimed to have become pregnant after consuming an excess of alcoholic spirits, but never one (bar the obvious 2,000-year-old case) who put it down to spirits of supernatural variety. However, it seems there is a 19-year-old in Canada who ascribes the fact that she is up the stick – presumably, by the time you read this, delivered of child – to a night of passion with the ghost of her dead fiancé.

The strict Catholic, who spent nearly a year in a convent after her boyfriend's death, claims the lad came and dipped his protoplasmic wick on the night of the anniversary of his demise, impregnating her in the process. Her 12-year-old sister "heard voices and saw a strange glow in the room" but thought little of it. Well, you wouldn't, would you? Strangely though, doctors are said to have confirmed that the pregnant girl is still a virgin.

I suppose the only way to be sure of the matter, is to wait and see if the baby develops an aptitude for rattling chains, walking through walls and carrying its head under its arm.

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KNAVE
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TEST DRIVE

The Caterham Super 7...No, it's not the latest vigilante team from the English spaghetti western producers. It's a car, gentle readers, the sort of car you have sticky dreams about if you're into wide open roads and getting wet. Patrick McGoohan drove one in the opening credits of *The Prisoner*, and they wanted someone to follow in his tyre-tracks. How come LAURIE CADDELL gets all the good jobs?

How do you like your sports cars? Big and muscular with hundreds of usually surplus horsepower, or teeny and nimble with just enough power? Do you like big, cossetting seats, the very best stereo, lashings of Connolly hide and Wilton carpet, electric everything and more than adequate protection from the elements? Or perhaps you'd rather be at one with those elements and have just the bare necessities in your car; like a seat of any sort, a few pedals and a steering wheel; In short — a sports car as nothing more than a way of attaching you to an engine and a set of wheels. Much as I love brutal, road-burning monsters with more power than Rosberg on speed would know how to manage properly, given a winding road and a choice of mount, I would opt for the minimalist form of sports-car motoring every time. And if you take that route then there is only one proper choice: the Caterham 7.

Big sports cars are fun, of that there is no doubt, but when you are 'going for it' they can get to be a bit tricky at the limit. Use that prodigious horsepower to get some serious readings on the speedometer, and build up some serious cornering force and we are talking about a huge amount of momentum. Fine. Overstep the mark and you are left wrestling with say a ton-and-a-half of car going where *it* wants to go which has little bearing on where *you* want it to go, be it the right way or not. Lightweight cars have their limits too, but are a little easier to cope with. You may have noticed that racing cars are always built as light as possible: it's for the same reason.

Outside the world of motoring where it is a legend, the name 'Caterham' doesn't really conjure up much in the way of evocative imagery, does it? If Porsche means clinical German efficiency, Ferrari means blood-red, multi-cylinder, thoroughbred screamer, Corvette means unimaginable amounts of horsepower in the sexiest body ever and even Jaguar means traditional British sportster, then Caterham still yells 'a turning signposted off the southern loop of everyone's favourite road, the M25'. Unimaginatively, the little 7 does get its name from that Surrey town perched on a hillside, but it has its roots most definitely in Lotus, a name which is up there with the rest at the romantic end of the motoring spectrum. Now, the Lotus name comes not from the delicate lotus blossom, but apparently from the lotus position and activity not altogether cerebral, but the actual story is a secret (among many) that was kept by Lotus founder Colin Chapman until the day he died.

There haven't been many more controversial figures in motoring than the famous Lotus founder, and there are many stories about him which are ephemeral and many splattered with more than a little jealous vitriol. Whatever, Anthony Colin Bruce Chapman was a genius (one of a very small few in the automotive world), and that isn't a fact which is even open to discussion. It is true. Period. A man always at least two steps ahead of the rest of the field, it really was no surprise that he could be awkward to deal with: geniuses usually are. It was also true that he often built his famous GP cars to last a race and little more; on more than one occasion, an F1 Lotus has broken just as it crossed the finishing line (and won!). That can either be seen as building a car too fragile, or making it just as strong and reliable as it needed to be — exactly!

When Mr Chapman set about building his first production road-going sports car, he took the route which would become famous on the tracks: he built the machine down to a weight rather than up to a quality. When the Type 7 came along in September 1957, Britain was still a very austere place and the sports-car enthusiast didn't have the wide range of horsepower options which are available today. It therefore made sense to make a car faster by making it lighter rather than more powerful. An overly simplistic rule of thumb to make a car twice as quick, is either to double its horsepower or halve its weight. Anyone with 'loadsa money' can do the former, but the latter can only be achieved by skill. A gifted chassis engineer, Chapman could build a race-winning machine from paper clips (admittedly thousands!) and you could safely bet your life that no other would manage the same difficult task using fewer. When we are talking about the man whose cars have won more Grands Prix than anybody else since 1960, we are obviously talking about the best in the world, aren't we?

The little 7, like many other cars, had (and still has — we are talking about a car over three decades on which has changed but moderately in that time) a tubular frame as a chassis. It needed bodywork though, and Chapman reasoned that it ought to work for its living. Hence the riveted panels worked (and still work!) as stressed frame members!

Minor changes were made to the car in its early years, mostly concerning

TEST DRIVE

continued from previous page

motive power. The first had a race-track-refugee Coventry Climax engine (is there really that excitement in Coventry?) — while production cars first had more humble side-valve Fords and then adopted BMC A — Series motors (as in Austin A35, Morris Minor and Mini — we are talking serious humble!). From then on, Anglia and then Cortina engines were fitted and power steadily grew until the inevitable happened and the famous Lotus Twin Cam was installed in 1969 and the car named Lotus 7 SS. Indeed, with its 125bhp motor tuned by race-car specialists Holbay, it would even have put the fear of God into Hitler's famous Waffen troops who shared part of its name.

Proving that he was more of an engineer than a businessman, Chapman then turned the cobby little 7 into a Series IV, complete with modern '70s glassfibre bodywork, a ladder-frame chassis, the looks of a cross between the old 7 and a Beach Buggy with all the charisma of a flatulent camel. Chapman reasoned that it would be cheaper and easier to make than the outgoing Series III, with its expensive to produce alloy bits, but the public took to the new car like ducks to ovens.

Chapman would have none of it, set his sights on competing with Porsche and Ferrari, and sold the rights of his first born to Graham Nearn, boss of Caterham Cars, who had been 7 dealers since 1959. Graham took over some parts for the unloved IVs from Lotus, sold them and then set about building the Series III. That was in 1973, and Graham and his band haven't looked back since. They have just moved into a new factory so as to increase production, they have just successfully sued the first miscreant who tried to jump on the bandwagon by copying the fabled 7, and order books are fuller then they have ever been. All through Caterham's time with the 7, they have honed it and modified it a little here and there, but have stayed true to the basic concept.

Still don't know the 7? It hasn't exactly been the media car like Bond's Aston-Martin, Magnum's Ferrari or Noddy's SS Scimitar (oops! Sorry Reliant . . .) but devotees of *The Prisoner* will remember it. You know, the series where Patrick McGoohan drives down the Aldwych Underpass and ends up in Legoland, where he gets chased down the beach by an over-inflated condom and the locals travel around either on penny farthings on in Mini-Mokes and all wear the sort of trendy gear which is still the bees' knees in Leningrad; well, the series did first appear in 1965 . . .

Well, Patrick's car (still also seen on LBC Radio ads) was a 1965 Series II Super 7, KDR 120C. Number 6, actually Number 1 (Patrick McGoohan), said: 'I know every nut and bolt of that car; I built it with my own hands!'. Because 7s are still, as they were, available as kits. Indeed, such is their price these days, that more are taking the D-I-Y route and leaving Surrey with a box of bits and the intention to spend many a happy hour on the dining-room table lovingly crafting their new toy. There are a few hardy souls out there (whose all-weather exploits in 7s would make even Sir Ranulph Fiennes blanch) who use 7s as everyday transport, but they are mostly used as toys.

KAR 120C has been the most famous 7, and Mr Nearn recently unearthed its famous number plates, which he put onto a special 'Prisoner' liveried car for a photo session; and that is the machine which we have here, a Caterham 1700 Super Sprint. It is British Racing Green, with a yellow nose and special wheels, similar to ones used originally, but much wider to take more substantial tyres.

And would you believe that the engine in this car is related to Patrick's? His used a 1500cc Ford Cortina motor, whereas this has a 1600cc Cortina engine, albeit one which has come in for a little tuning work. Forget twin cams, four valves per cylinder, multi-point injection and engine management, the Caterham 1700 Super Sprint has but a simple Ford pushrod motor. However, its capacity is increased to 1691cc from 1599, it has a meaty camshaft, some cleaning up of its inlet ports, a new free-flowing exhaust system, new valves and springs and a pair of guzzling, greedy, ever-thirsty twin-choke Weber carburettors. That adds up to 135bhp at 6000rpm and, more importantly, a lugging 122lb ft of torque at 4500rpm. Remember about making a car go twice as fast? That 135bhp has a little over 10.5cwt to lug along which isn't much. Think of a one-ton car like a Volkswagen Golf with 270bhp and a one-and-a-half-ton car like a Jaguar XJ6 with over 400bhp and we are talking about performance equals. However, also remember about windy roads and what is actually to ensure a swift, safe passage. Be in either of those last two hypothetical machines and watch the 7 disappear. That is an unfair comparison, because you could put a 7 on a winding road with anything and it would leave it — although a helicopter may be in with a shout, until the hairpins at least!

The 7 has recently been blessed with a five-speed Sierra gearbox to ease cruising (ha!), while a semi-independent de Dion rear suspension has been fitted (since the Morris Ital solid items previously ran out) and 7s are so sophisticated now that they have lengthened cockpits and adjustable seats! That is a real nark for this writer who, being exactly the height of 5ft 8in Colin Chapman, found the early short-cockpit, non-adjustable cars perfect when even gangling blokes of 5ft 10in found the driving position unbearably cramped. Progress? Humbug!

Even now that it is longer, the best description of a Caterham is a car which is as near as dammit painted on to the driver. Big bums still won't easily fit the seats and the less than dainty footed can still press all three pedals with one toe; but then just the same, with your heel of the hand resting on the gear lever, an index finger can flick the dashboard-mounted indicator switch or flick the dashboard-mounted hooter switch — yes, there is no room behind the saucer-sized steering wheel for column-mounted controls!

When it rains, you can put a hood on your 7, but getting in involves committing yourself head first through the tiny door, on to the passenger seat and backwards into the driver's footwell with a downward arch and a back twist. And, no, Alan Weeks, there is no triple toe salchow or arched pike with a degree of difficulty of 2.7 . . . But you still expect at least a '5.9' for artistic impression from the Russian judge.

Much better to forget the hood, put on a rain top and wish that you had two diddy sets of wipers, one for inside and one for out. It is best to keep the line-spoiling doors on, however, otherwise breathing becomes difficult above 60mph: you'll suffocate in the dry or drown when it rains . . .

With plenty of grunt and so little weight to propel, the baby 7 darts away like a tomcat into whose back passage charming little Wayne next door has scored a bull's eye with his air-gun: Twack . . . Meeee-aaaoooooooow! From either the driver's or passenger's seat, the sensation is akin to having Botham

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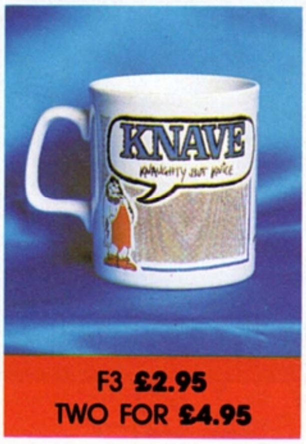

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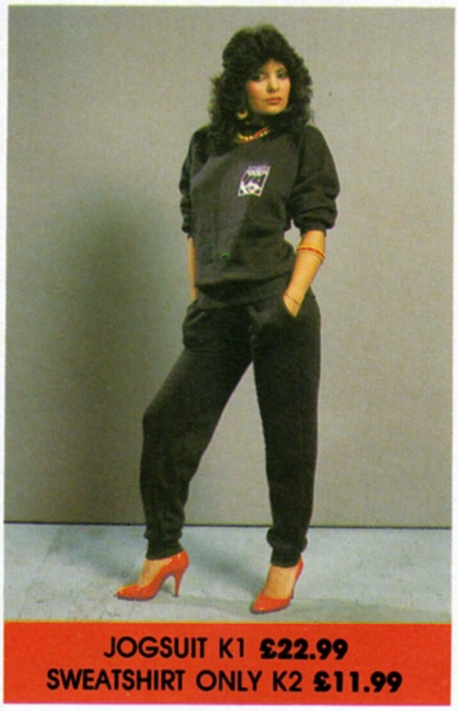

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THE INTERVIEW. A job with this man means more than typing. Each applicant is stripped and splayed in turn. He then sends them to his secretary in the next office for horny two girl action.

FV/18 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES PRICE SLASHED TO £11.95

PHOTOGRAPH. John takes lots of hard-core pictures of his wife playing with herself and sends them to a girlie magazine. Instead, of publishing them the Editor rushes round and gives her one.
LADY IN BLACK. Dressed in black leather, she watches her friend and husband at it while she plays with a big black dildo.
THREE GIRLS. Three girls egg each other on to chat up the window cleaner. One does, but she can't take all he can give her so she calls for her friends to help.
FRIENDS. Two friends both have the same girl. Then they both have her sister. One of the friends has the girls' mother in the kitchen. Then the mother's younger sister walks in . . .

FV/19 — ALL 4 VIDEO TITLES DOWN IN PRICE TO £11.95

THE PARTY. John and Alice hold a wife swapping party. However, another wife fancies Alice who is quite happy to oblige. Fortunately there is a spare girl for John.
HANDS. Jenny enjoys a sauna and body massage, but today only the handyman, with his rough, coarse hands, is available. Soon Jenny is groaning with pleasure as these rough hands find the sensitive parts.
HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY. A lecherous couple set up a training school for nurses. Biology soon turns into a bi-sexual orgy, as everyone fights to join in.
THE MIRROR. With two-way mirrors, the madame watches her girls getting it from any manner of male and female customers. At the end of the day she chooses one of the girls for her own kinky lust.

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TEST DRIVE

Continued from page 19

and Richards belting you from behind with their cricket bats, quickly and in perfect time. For those to whom cold figures provide an even more graphic description (?), the 7 reaches 30mph in just 2 secs, 50mph in a fraction under 4 secs and 60mph in a fraction over 5 secs. That is performance which would wallop most supercars. A little way after 60mph, however, the brick-like aerodynamic quality of the 'vintage' design takes over and progress abates. The littl'un will just scrape to 120mph, but at that speed it feels like the world is in the throes of ending, such is the might of the wind blast over and under the wings, around the cockpit sides, through the hood or wherever.

Forget all that and enjoy the beastette on the byways. The sharpness of the 7's steering is second to none, your hands cup the wheel rather than hold it, and it is so sensitive that you feel that a sneeze will have the car going back the way it came; I never drive 7s in the hay-fever season for no more reason than it being the best pollen-scooper in the business! That almost telepathic response can be made to work miracles, though, for the car can be 'thought' through corners — arm movements are almost as imperceptible as they are on a bike — and you can get to a stage where the whole car just follows your natural line of sight through a bend. Just like the sweetest-handling race-cars, in fact. The 7 runs on what most people would call 'modest' width 185/60 NCT Goodyear tyres, but anything wider would upset the balance of the car, and balance is what 7-ing is all about. Just like most early Lotus cars which were considered under-tyred, the 7 is designed to drive up to and through the tyres' limits so that the machine ends up sliding. Again, just like a racer. Any twat can disguise a rotten chassis by shoving wide, sticky tyres on it, but when it comes to crunch time with your foot on the floor, you can never disguise a bad chassis and 'KERRUNCH!' it will probably be, as you mate with the scenery.

All cars have limits, though, and the 7 will understeer when pressed, but at lower speeds its power can be used to negate that effect to advantage. Really, its cornering stance depends on how *you* drive it. Throw it at corners, drive it hard through whatever you want and the 7 is a really forgiving friend. It has an ease of control which can make any of us seem like Prost or Mansell, but it has a capability of which those two would be intrigued to find the limit. We would *all* enjoy the experience, though.

There are drawbacks: the ride is race-car-like (bloody hard) and the engine's thirst is ridiculous (22-24mph-ish, since you can't help but use the throttle and listen to those Webers suck hard!); that de Dion rear end doesn't feel as tight and as controllable at the limit as did the old Ital-axled cars; the car has just a little too much understeer when at its limit, even if the steering could *never* be improved; it is a trifle annoying when, having blown off Porsches and Ferraris away from lights, they see you being blown away as they waft past at 80-odd miles per hour. The biggest drawback is the price, however, which ranges from £9489 for a straight-engined 1600GT, through £10,691 for this 1700 Super Sprint up to a whopping £12,940 for a Cosworth BDR-engined machine which *does* have two cams, four valves, etc, etc. And all are in component form: not a kit of bits which needs buiding from the ground up, but in almost-complete, get-around-the-rules form. The simple fact of the matter is I can't bloody well afford a Caterham 7 and I want to! The design may be over 30 years old (so is mine!), but nobody has improved on it and nobody is really likely to.

At my time of life, I should be thinking about log fires, comfy slippers, Labrador dogs and puffing pipes, but as long as there are Caterham 7s and as long as the kind men down by the M25 are kind (daft?) enough to lend them to me, I will always yearn for my hair being savaged, my senses being numbed, my adrenalin going supersonic and my grin threatening to tear my face in half. Given a 7 and an open, sinewy and empty road and it will always be Oblivion City, here I come: I am not a number, I am a free man!

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PENPOWER

Naughty Habits

Thank you so much for printing the letter (*Nun Of That!*) from – K.S. of Swindon in your March issue, as I have a similar fetish. I was a bit disappointed, however, at the rather glib way in which you dismissed our wishes. Surely, it is not for you to be judgemental in this fashion? – *W.M., Peterborough.*

Sorry if our reply, which was intended to be humourous, came out as flippant, W.M. – of course, any fantasy which doesn't cause anyone any harm is alright with us! – Ed.

Lessons With Edna

When I was eighteen, I had a brief affair with a girl called Edna. She was a village girl whom I had known since childhood, but I had never been keen on her, nor, as far as I am aware, had anyone else. She was one of those unfortunate girls whom everyone liked a little, but no one wanted to take out.

One evening, I was standing at the garden gate, wondering how I was going to pass the hours until bedtime, when Edna came along. She was turned out in a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt, and it was one of the few times in my life when I had seen her looking attractive. Her shapely legs – I don't think I had ever seen them before above the knees – and the gentle swelling beneath her shirt, were objects of some beauty, and she must have seen me looking at them. We talked for a few minutes and then she asked what I was doing. When I told her I had no plans, she surprised me by asking me to take her for a walk. Not wishing to upset her by refusing, I agreed.

She proved to be better company than I had expected, and I enjoyed myself. However, I had no wish to become involved too deeply with her, and so I made up my mind to tell her that it would be better if we did not see each other again. (*You beast! – Ed.*) When the opportunity arose, I told her so as tactfully as I could.

The change that came over her when she heard what I had to say, shocked me. I had no idea she was so serious about me. She went pale, her face dropped and she began to cry. Soon tears were rolling down her cheeks faster than she could dry them with her handkerchief. I tried to console her, but I was never very good at that sort of thing, and I only made matters worse. She flung her arms round my shoulders and began to blubber.

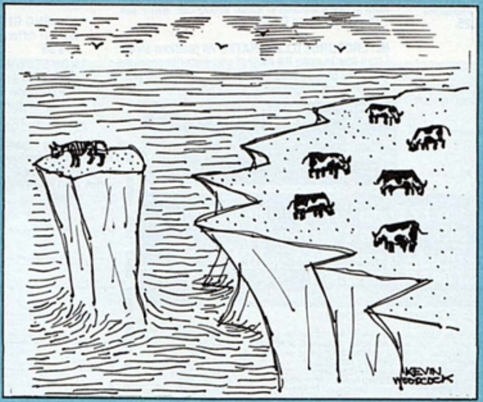
I held her for a while, and then tried to ease her off me. But she would not let go. I used a little pressure, but it was no use; her arms hugged me again in an even tighter clasp, and her wet face started to move towards mine. I tried to avoid the kiss she was intent on giving me, but she was determined, and soon her open mouth found my lips. (*What was wrong with this girl? Was she a werewolf, or something? – Ed.*) It was a hungry kiss, with all the passion in it of a girl who was desperately sex-starved. It was not my intention to lead her on, but out of sympathy I let her continue, and then found myself responding to her. Our tongues met and intertwined, and darted to and fro.

The kiss lasted for more than a minute. I hoped it would satisfy her, but when I tried to break away, she grappled with me, and pulled me to her again. "No, Edna," I said, "we mustn't." It made no difference, of course. Her arms enfolded me once more, and she pushed a thigh forward between mine and pressed the length of her body against me. I could feel her hard pubic mount rubbing into my groin, and she must have been very conscious of my erection. Her hands reached under my shirt, onto the bare skin of my back. "Here," she said, and pushed my hand up her tee-shirt and cupped it over one of her breasts. "I'll take it off for you," she murmured, stepping back a pace so that she could pull the shirt over her head. For a second, she stood naked to the waist as I gazed at her, and then sat on the grass, and beckoned me down.

I was thoroughly aroused by now, but still able to control my emotions. It was more than obvious what Edna was after, and I was worried and frightened. A little kissing and groping was one thing, but I knew it would not end with that if I joined her on the ground. And afterwards? She might blackmail me into marrying her. Her father might find out, and he was a man not renowned for the sweetness of his temper. My parents, and maybe the whole village, would know what we had done. I wanted to escape. (*What? Get stuck in, lad! – Ed.*)

"Come on," I repeated, "get up. Let me take you home."

She met my eyes with a wild, piercing stare. And then she feverishly raised her hand and laid it on the lump protruding from my trousers and squeezed it. I ought to have stopped her doing that, but I didn't – I couldn't. I let her unzip me, and take it out. A few seconds later I was at her side on the grass, and my hands were roving over her body.



Continued on page 25

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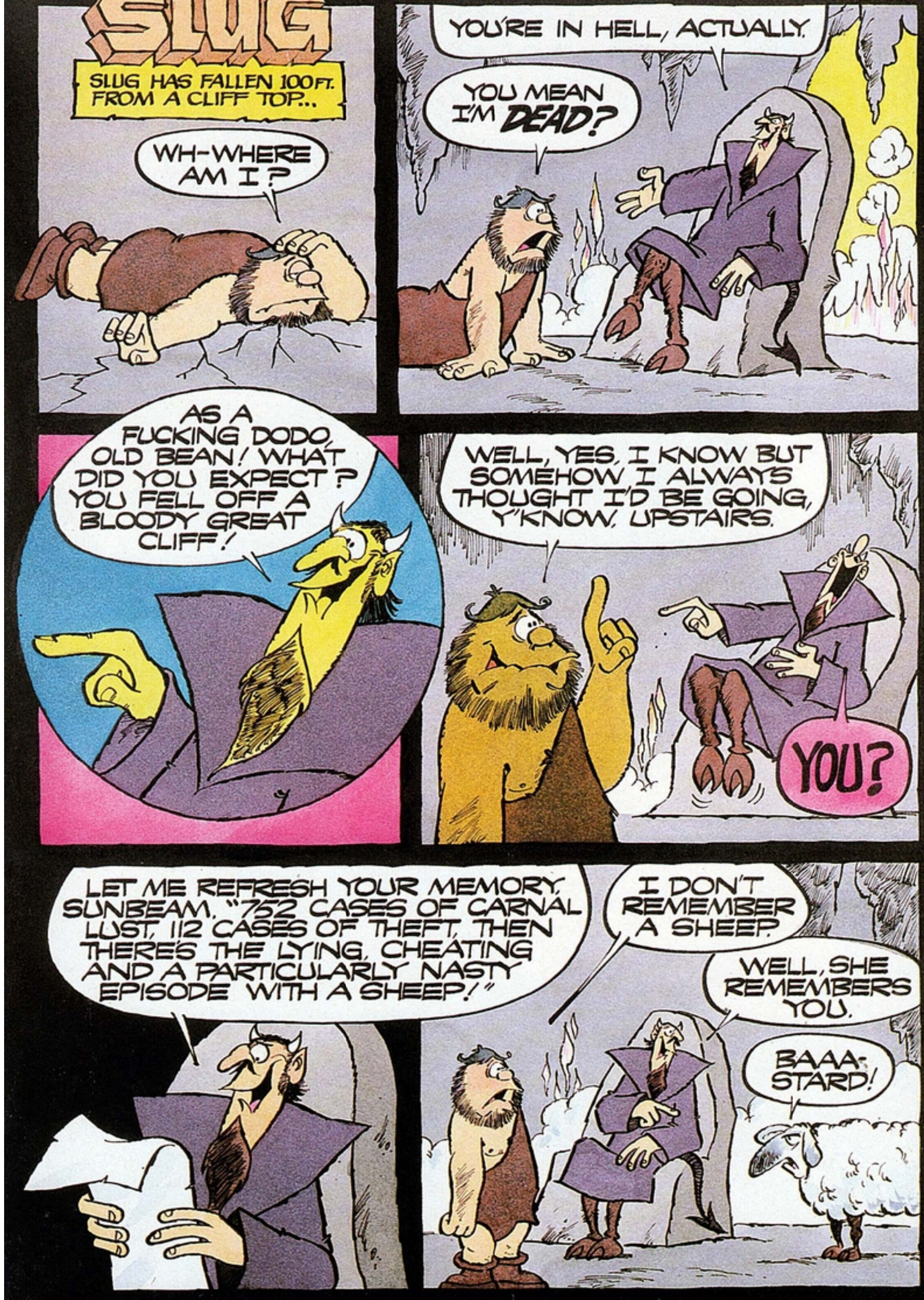
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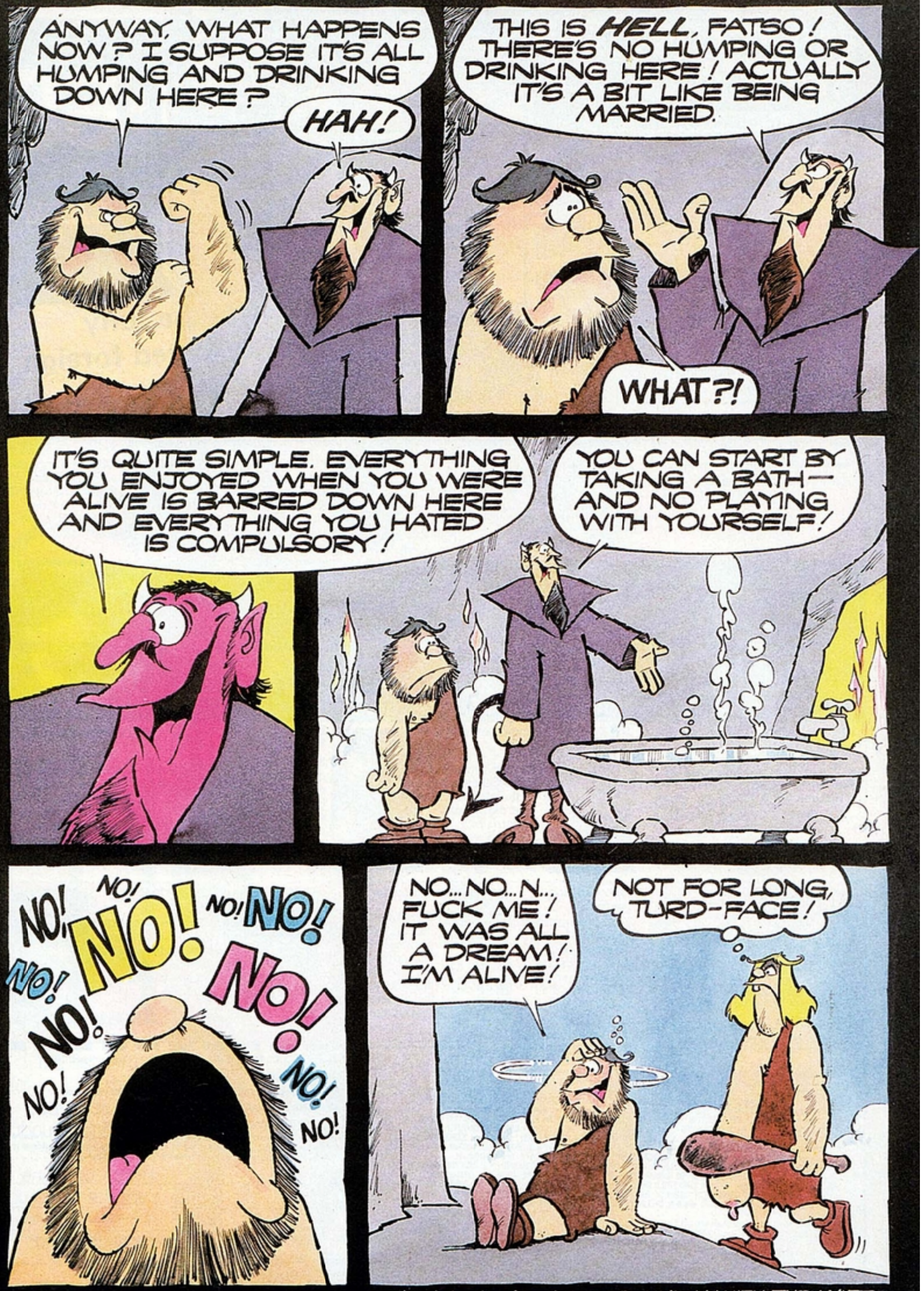
AS A FUCKING DODO, OLD BEAN! WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? YOU FELL OFF A BLOODY GREAT CLIFF!
WELL, YES, I KNOW BUT SOMEHOW I ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D BE GOING, Y'KNOW, UPSTAIRS.
YOU?
LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY, SUNBEAM. "752 CASES OF CARNAL LUST, 112 CASES OF THEFT, THEN THERE'S THE LYING, CHEATING AND A PARTICULARLY NASTY EPISODE WITH A SHEEP!"
I DON'T REMEMBER A SHEEP.
WELL, SHE REMEMBERS YOU.
BAAA-STARD!


ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENS NOW? I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL HUMPING AND DRINKING DOWN HERE?
HAH!
THIS IS HELL, FATSO! THERE'S NO HUMPING OR DRINKING HERE! ACTUALLY IT'S A BIT LIKE BEING MARRIED.
WHAT?!
IT'S QUITE SIMPLE. EVERYTHING YOU ENJOYED WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE IS BARRED DOWN HERE AND EVERYTHING YOU HATED IS COMPULSORY!
YOU CAN START BY TAKING A BATH — AND NO PLAYING WITH YOURSELF!
NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!
NO... NO... N... FUCK ME! IT WAS ALL A DREAM! I'M ALIVE!
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PENPOWER

Continued from page 25

If you check back, you'll see that we stopped printing photos on the letter page a couple of years ago, in favour of a less 'bitty' look. We think it works! – Ed.

Doubting Thomas

After reading Knave and your competitors for many years, I am now more than ever convinced that your letters are all made up. Surely you don't expect intelligent people to believe some of the drivel you print? — *Thomas, Falmouth.*

As you can plainly see, we're printing 'your' letter. Therefore, you should have just disappeared in a puff of logic! — Ed.

> **"I opened his leather jacket and plunged my hands inside his denim shirt, finding a forest of hair."**

Notts Forest

I had this thing about guys who ride motor bikes; huge, hunky, leather clad blokes with great muscles, who chew gum and sneer and have tattoos and like the music of Led Zeppelin and Iron Maiden. To me the sight of a big biker in leathers would send my head reeling and my cunt juicy – I'll make no bones about it. I wanted a biker to fuck me like mad and my chance came when I got this job at a motorway cafe.

I was 21, with the same good figure I have now (I'm 24). On this particular afternoon, I had on this leather mini skirt, matching black knee length boots, black stockings and a pink blouse, which I wore with the top buttons undone to show off my cleavage. I had on my regulation overalls, undone to flaunt my outfit.

Suddenly I came over in a hot flush, aware that somebody was staring at me. I looked up into the face of this guy with long hair tied back, a beard, tan and the most macho set of battered biking leathers I'd ever seen. My heart skipped a beat and my clitoris throbbed in a pang of lust. My God, I wanted him like hell. I wanted to smell the harsh aroma of bike oil and sweat on his body, run my fingers and tongue down his hairy chest and stomach and find his rubbery knob and feel him force my head down over it, right down, till I almost swallowed his balls.

He grunted his order. Those eyes were raking my back, fingering on my cleavage. He licked his lips and I clamped my thighs together and gave a kind of wriggle to ease my throbbing cunt. I served him his lunch. I kept looking over at him and once or twice he caught my eye. When he'd finished he stood up. I was watching him and he deliberately stared at me and when he saw me looking, he gave a nod, jerking his head toward the window. I knew that outside, to the right were some bushes against the wall.

Muttering an excuse to my boss, I went round the back and dodged out of the staff exit and made my way around the side of the cafe.

He was waiting for me, leaning against the wall, his brawny, tattooed arms folded. He said nothing, just undid his fly and took out his tool, which was already hard and as mighty a muscle as his forearms and biceps. He must have been wanking himself while he waited for me, I thought, and just imagining that gave me a rush of sexual desire which coursed through my body, stiffening my nipples and swelling my labia.

I'd already taken off my overall. Now, he impatiently ripped open my blouse, allowing my naked breasts to pop out. His fingers grimy with oil, nails blackened with grease, clamped around my tits and the sheer contrast against my clean, pink skin turned me on still more. By now my hand was clasped around his cock, working his fleshy foreskin up and down on his thick, veiny shaft. I could smell him, the strong male smell of cock which had been cooped up in sweltering leathers, pungent and arousing.

I crouched down in front of him and began to lick his glistening glans, strands of sperm attaching themselves to my tongue, like threads of saliva. I could feel the heat radiating from hs body. But he obviously wanted to give me a fuck and not to give him a blow job. For that, my cunt was grateful. He pulled me around and pushed me up to the wall, hoisted up my leather skirt, wrenched down my panties which I kicked off, and took his weapon in one hand, jamming it up my slippery entrance. It was a tight fit as I squirmed to accommodate him but it was heaven. I could feel every bit of him, his big balls pressed up against my twat, that big, glistening head stretching my inner walls as he pounded in and out of me.

His mouth came down on mine, forcing my head back, his teeth grinding into mine, his tongue penetrating my throat like a second cock, our saliva spilling. I was being shagged on two levels, with his tongue and his tool.

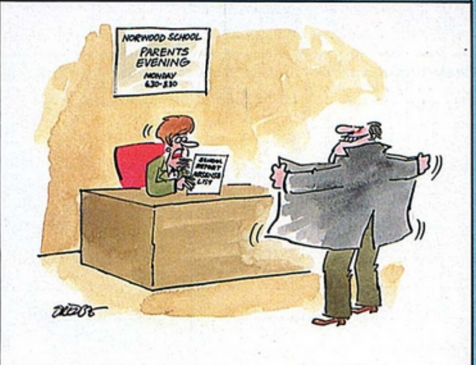
I opened his leather jacket and plunged my hands inside his denim shirt finding a forest of hair. This excited him even more and he banged into me faster, while I licked the sweat off his chest and clutched his leather clad buttocks in a frenzy of arousal.

His hands heaved my tits about and squeezed them, then he put a hand between my legs, forcing his cock in harder fumbling for my swollen clitoris, which was sticking out like a push-button. As soon as he pressed on it, I felt myself coming, and rotated my hips, grazing my bottom on the rough brick wall behind me, squirming beneath the pressure of his body.

Faster and faster I worked on his cock, screwing round, pressing down as I sought for that final release. When it came I screamed and in the midst of my writhings, he shoved hard into me, to the hilt and I felt hot sperm flooding my womb, overflowing and running down my legs, coating his cock in slippery semen. Almost instantly he pulled out, wiped his tool on my leather skirt, leaving snail-trails of spunk on it, zipped himself up, winked at me and went.

Spunk, which trickled down my inner thighs, was gratefully soaked up by my stocking tops, my cunt pouting with my own juices. You can imagine the state in which I returned to behind the counter. They must

Continued on page 95



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Continued from page 23

Until then I had neither seen nor touched a cunt, but now I was to experience both sensations in full measure. It was larger than I had imagined a cunt would be, and it was soft, warm and very wet, and lovely and hairy. She put my hand on it, and then in it, and directed me to her sensitive spots.

I had often wondered what it would be like to do this to a girl – to feel her between the legs, and then to put my penis there and work it up and down in her until I spunked, but I had never imagined myself doing it with Edna. Edna was almost certainly an inexperienced girl – one of those girls whom I had grown up to believe could not take a full-sized cock without suffering pain and discomfort, and without bleeding. It helped, therefore, to discover that what at first touch seemed to be the tiniest of openings readily expanded to accept my fingers when I pushed them in. My confidence grew that I could get my cock up her all right.

Edna was hotter than most girls I have known, and I have had a few since going with her. She helped me enter her, and then raised her hips to meet me, and pushed at my buttocks in an endeavour to have me in her as far as I could go. Her vagina fitted my penis like a glove; it squeezed it in a gentle, pulsating action, seemed to suck at it, and made funny, squelching noises when either of us thrust. More than once, I had to lie still with my penis in her to its farthest limits, not daring to move, begging her against all her instincts to keep still, and wondering what the hell to do when I was forced to ejaculate. I decided I had to pull out, and then left it too late, and shot it all up her.

When I had finished, I broke off the long kiss that had accompanied our fuck, and was pleased to see a look of contentment on her face. She had experienced no orgasm that I could detect, but I'm sure I satisfied her.

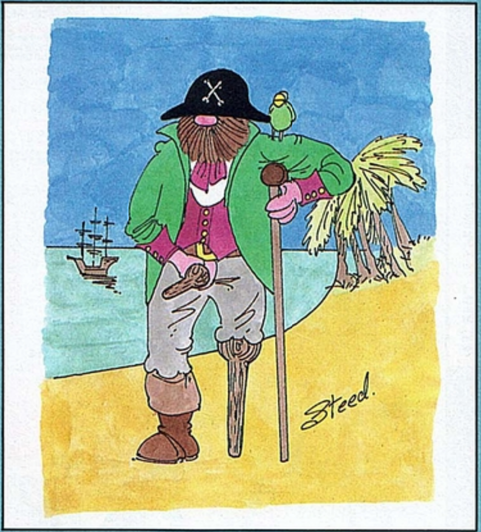
We got up soon afterwards and started for home. She seemed happy that it had happened, but I was not so sure. All I wanted now was to disentangle myself from the affair.

'You'll have to get to the doctor's first thing in the morning,' I said, 'Promise me you'll go.'

'Of course,' she replied.

'We mustn't do it again,' I said.

'What we've just done will last a bit – it's made me feel like a woman.'



'And you're not going to tell anyone?'

'Of course not. What do you think I am?'

With that short exchange of words we walked home – she satisfied, I relieved.

I never went with her again. – *J.K., Yorks*

Thanks for sharing that very unusual story with us. We've a feeling that some of it's a little tongue-in-cheek, but have our £50 prize all the same – Ed.

Euro-Thanks!

Thank you for showing Jillie and Rilla in your Christmas special. Two pretty women who both have sexy bums, and are just right for screwing doggy fashion, however, my choice of the the two would have to be Jilly. Why? Because she looks more lovable – she has naughty eyes, nice breasts and nice sized nipples. Her legs are long, and just right for wrapping around a guy's back while he's screwing her. I wouldn't mind getting between her thighs as I bet she's great.

I still can't get over her fantastic bum. I'm looking at page 30, imagining getting between her legs and taking her from the rear, thinking of my body slapping against her bum as I screw her holding onto her as we do the dance of love – *(Foxtrot or Polka? – Ed.).*

I can almost hear her moaning in ecstasy as she approaches orgasm. Once again, thanks for showing both girls, especially on pages 30, 39 and 41. I am a bum and tit man, and this issue was one of the best I've seen! – *B.N., Belgium.*

Swiss Roll

I find your magazine is the best for stimulating letters, and I think it's time I made a contribution from *my* experience.

Your photographs are also very good, but I would like to suggest that you adopt an idea from the layout of another magazine which prints photographs on the same page as some stories. As your magazine is often read with one hand, I find it helpful to regard both the text and pictures for the last few strokes, and it is awkward turning pages back and forth at that time. I would like to see some of your letters alongside photographs which could be imagined to illustrate them.

You may be interested in an account of the most exciting wank I was ever given, whilst in a Swiss night-club. My work used to take me to Neuchatel, Switzerland. The club opens at 10pm, and a strip-tease show starts just after midnight, with four girls doing two acts each.

These girls sit around the bar in the meantime, and one of their jobs is to persuade the customers to drink champagne at inflated prices. I later discovered that some of them invite a customer back to their room after the show, for sex (which is also highly-priced).

During the course of our conversation, one of them explained that, if I was in a hurry, she would relieve me by hand, there and then, for 50 francs. We were sitting in a pretty secluded part of the club, and so I paid her the money and, asking for my handkerchief to catch the spunk, she took out my cock and balls under the table.

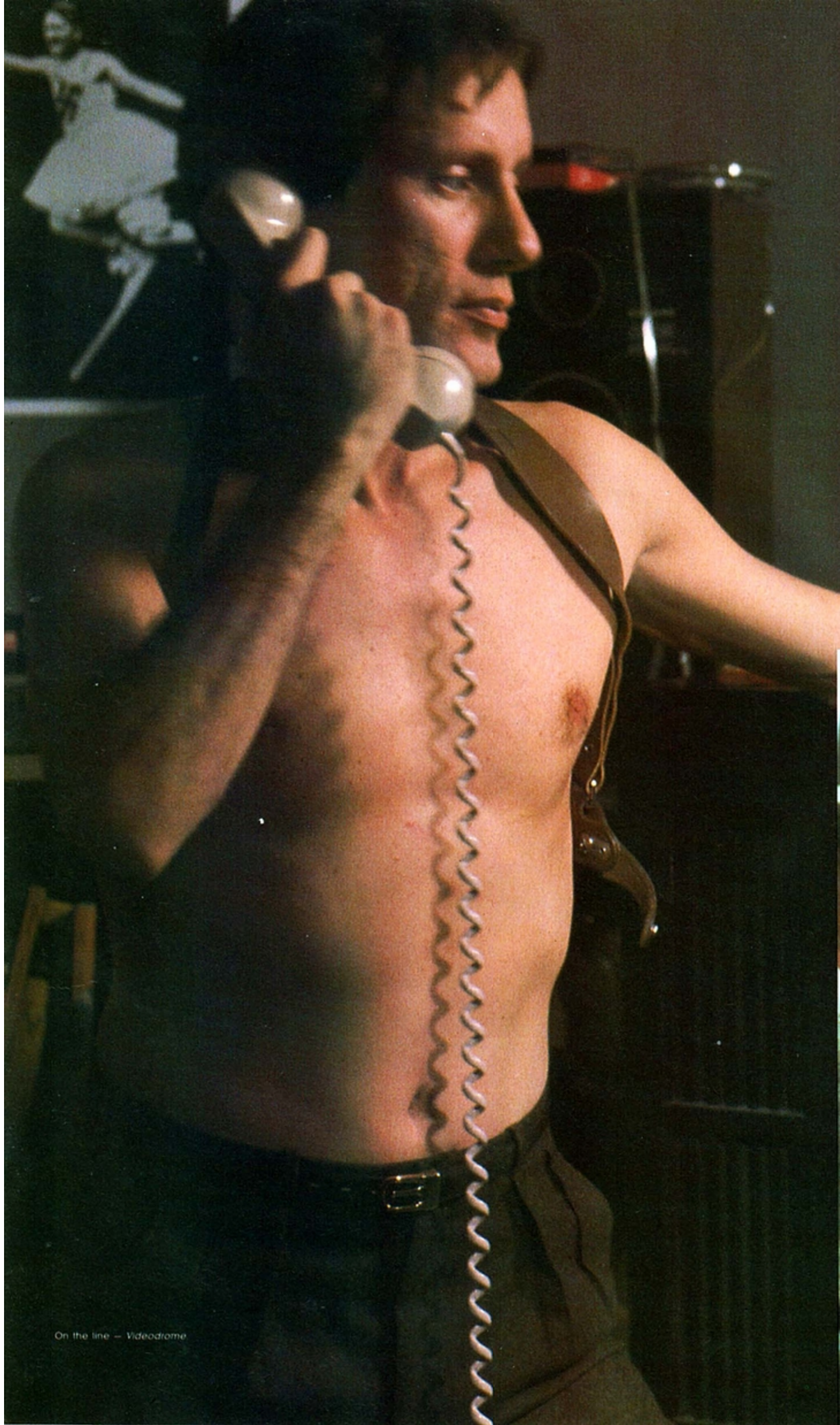
While she was doing this in the darkened room, I put my right arm around her shoulders, to put my hand on her tit under her flimsy dress. When I put my other hand on her legs, she willingly opened them and let me feel inside her equally flimsy panties to finger her wet cunt. We kissed at the same time, keeping one eye open in case the waiter came around. It was a lovely feeling when I eventually came, and my spunk welled up away from her teasing fingers, shooting up my shaft and soaking my handkerchief and my knob in thick, creamy fluid. – *N.K., Colchester.*

Continued on page 27

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JAMES BOND

Sean Connery? George Somebody-Or-Other? Roger Moore? Timothy Dalton? They've *tried* to portray the Secret Service's most famous agent, but *this* is straight from the man himself...via HIRAM S. INVESTIGATOR, official departmental mole. A dawn-till-dusk excerpt from the daily diary of Lt. Cdr. James Bond, RN. Makes you sick, doesn't it? . . .

As the world waits with bated breath for the next blockbuster of a movie, we bring you a no-holds-barred profile of one of the nation's most distinguished civil servants — Lieutenant-Commander James Bond, RN (ret.), secret agent, *bon*


On the line – *Videodrome*

James Woods

HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST SCUMBAG ?

Woods in *Once Upon A Time In America*

The Onion Field, Videodrome, Once Upon A Time In America and *Choirboys* are amongst his more well-known movies. The question then remains – why is JIMMY WOODS in the American film awards' equivalent of a Siberian salt-mine? That, discovered TONY CRAWLEY, is what happens to the cinema's bad boys...

Let's get a couple of things straight. First, this is the output of several interviews over the years with James Woods. Second, Jimmy is the greatest unsung actor in Hollywood. No awards, no trophies – he was the only *Holocaust* star not nominated for an Emmy. And despite dynamic work in *The Onion Field* (1979) and *Once Upon A Time In America* (1983), not a single Oscar nod until the LA voters suddenly remembered *Salvador* in the wake of last year's

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Continued from page 49

many remarkable scenes in that film. In particular, when we realise how the death squad works: one person kills, another mutilates, yet another rapes. So, they're all defendants and can't testify against each other — and there's no way you can prove which one of them actually did the killing. Like, when did death occur? That's *actually* the way they did it."

On the other hand . . .

"Sure, we also see the guerillas — really noble in so many ways — capturing these national guards, just 17-year-old draftees. And just lining them up to execute them, shooting them in the back of the head. So . . . who's worse? It's the same old story again and again and again . . . It's the people who suffer. And Boyle, like all great drunks, is a humanist. I like that point of view."

Ever considered writing a film for yourself?

"I'm lucky if I can sign a cheque."

Well, that's a problem! I thought these drinks were on you!

"Hah! I don't have a facility for writing. Only for talking. You wanna know why? I can't write fast enough."

Yeah, I always felt your Fast Walking *should've been* Fast Talking *. . . !*

"I suppose I could write something on tape. But taping oneself is just too onanistic for my tastes. Something that should be done in front of a mirror."

The director who has impressed you most is . . .

"Sergio Leone! The greatest living director today . . . for my taste. I'd prefer to work with no other — although there are some great ones who are friends of mine and have done great work. Sergio taught me: less is more. To always want to improve can be dangerous. Instead of trying to be better and better, sometimes it's good to relax, especially in films, let whatever is there, find itself. If you try too hard, you're not as good as when you go a little easy. I want to *let* myself improve rather than *make* myself improve . . . My attitude to most of my films has to do with most of the bozos making them.

" 'If there's anything history has taught us, it's that if there's an "ism" behind any word, it's full of shit.' "

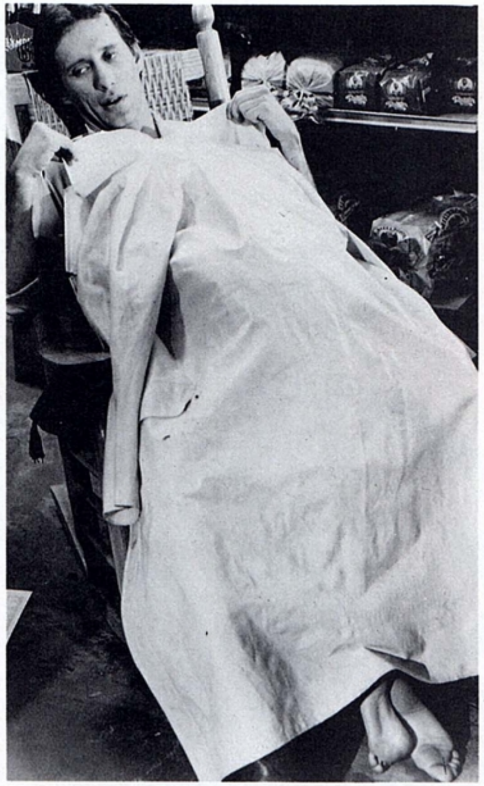
There are no other Leones. He's a genius. And the communication I had with his Italian was better than with lot of these bozos who speak the King's English . . . or should I say Nixon's English. I *love* Sergio. The greatest script I'd read in my life. And an exquisite, unbelievable film! *Once Upon A Time In America* is the greatest American film since *Gone With The Wind.* — The machinations of the business in Hollywood didn't allow people to see it . . . but it is one of the best-selling cassettes."

Sergio's fatter than Orson Welles used to be.

"He gets exhausted, yeah. He's often wearing his heart-testing machine he has to wear. But if, God forbid, Sergio ever died, he'd call for one more take from the grave. They'd be burying him and he'd be saying: "One more time!" "

Working with De Niro — dream or nightmare?

Kay Lenz *(hidden)* having a Jimmy sandwich in *Fast Walking.*



"I knew Bobby. *Very* slightly. Every actor's dream is to work with De Niro — and he does *not* disappoint you. He's dedicated, unafraid, so he does not surround himself with sycophants like so many others. Not afraid to have everybody else be brilliant. He's very concerned that his fellow actors be excellent for their sakes as well as for his . . ."

Did I hear right earlier when you said you were an ex-altar boy.

"Yeah! I'm Irish Catholic on my mother's side. My father was Protestant. We had a little Belfast in our house! My background, though, is Irish Catholic — that's why I play all these great tell-it-like-it-was Jewish parts . . . ! I've even started going to church again. As you get a little older, get a few wrinkles, you think about mortality and say: "I was only kidding back when I was 22, God." When my brother, my only sibling and who I love very much, was getting married I told Mike I was going to confession for the first time in about 20 years. He admitted he hadn't been for a dozen years and Carrie, his bride, hadn't been for ages. I tell you — the wedding was almost delayed while the three of us were in the confessionals for about six hours!"

Yours must have been the shortest: "I haven't been to confession for 20 years because I've become a Hollywood actor."

"Yeah! That explains it all . . . Hey, I'm talking more slowly and becoming less interesting by the minute. Apart from you, people say I talk too fast. But you never know how long you're gonna be in the limelight, so you might as well get it all in. Like a quick fuck in the middle of the afternoon."

Continued from the previous page

vivant, philanderer, and stamp collector. The true story of agent 007 starts here . . .

"I normally get up at three o'clock in the morning in a strange bed in New York, and go home to my mews flat in Kensington. After disposing of the gorilla-armed SMERSH assassin in the hallway, I take a cold shower with the beautiful, half-naked woman who has been hiding in the wardrobe. We make hot, passionate, pulsating, messy love on the bathmat. I enjoy this.

"My name is Bond," I say, ". . . James Bond."

"My name is Kitticat Bazongas," she purrs, "and do they call you Bond J. Bond, or B.J. Bond, or just Bond Bond, and isn't it embarrassing having a Christian name that's the same as your last name . . ."

Oh blimey, I think, why do all the beautiful, half-naked women I meet turn out to be really stupid? I shove what's-'er-name back in the wardrobe, and put on my *Burberry* dressing gown before shaving with a *Braun* electric and brushing my teeth with *Crest* toothpaste. In these times of government spending cuts, we secret agents are expected to subsidise our activities by advertising brand name products.

For breakfast, I have *Beluga Caviare* on *Jacob's Cream Crackers*, washed down with a bottle of *Moet et Chandon* '56. I then spend four hours jogging in the park, trying to sober up. On my return to the flat, I drink three cups of especially-imported *El Swankissimo do Brasil* coffee (two sugars, no cream, shaken not stirred) and do the crossword in *The Sun*.

"For breakfast, I have *Beluga Caviare* on *Jacob's Cream Crackers*, washed down with a bottle of *Moet et Chandon* '56."

During my daily car chase on the way to work, I survive four more attempts on my life and have a brief but torrid love affair with a beautiful, half-naked traffic warden. After we have made urgent, volcanic, supercharged, clumsy love in the boot of my Aston Martin, she tells me her name is Tiddles Hotbath and gives me a ticket for speeding in an erogenous zone. I go right off her.

When I reach the offices of our top secret espionage organisation (British Spies Inc., 104-126 Secret Hideout St., London W1. I can't remember the phone number, but it's in the yellow pages), I spend twenty minutes in the lobby trying to think of witty remarks, which I write down on the back of my *Sobranies*. I take the lift up to the fourth floor (karate-chopping a suspicious-looking Chelsea pensioner to death just in case), wipe my feet on Miss Moneypenny, and try to trade witty remarks with her. I usually find that I can't read what I've scribbled on the back of the black fag packet, but Q is spending thousands of pounds of the taxpayers' money developing a cyanide-tipped white biro for me.

Then, I go in to see M. He is in conference with the three most important and influential people in Great Britain. While Captain Birdseye and Andy Capp look very worried, Basil Fawlty explains the situation. "Well, Bond, it seems that your arch-enemy Emiliano Mudslinger, managing director of B.A.S.T.A.R.D. (*Bad Asses, Slothful Terrorists, And Rotten Drivers. — Ed.*), is up to his old tricks again. He has recently purchased a Cruise Missile in the *Harrods'* sale, and, unless the free world promises to let him have a zillion quadrillion pounds in gold, he plans to nuke Disneyland."

"Commander Bond," says M., "your mission is to save us all from this terrible threat. By lunchtime, if possible. And, while you're at it, get me twenty *Rothmans* from the shop on the corner."

Before I leave the offices, I go down to the basement to see Q. I'll never understand why people in our business don't have proper names, but the receptionist tells me it is because they are all ex-Nazis. Q gives me an exploding jockstrap, a packet of contraceptives that inflate into an autogyro, and a Phantom jet that converts into a handy pair of cufflinks.

I then go off to the Caribbean and have a car chase. I always make a point of driving through as many peasants' street barrows as I can, because England expects me to. Personally, I object to this sort of thing. Have you ever tried driving through narrow streets at ninety m.p.h. with watermelon splattered all over your windscreen?

After the chase, I change out of my *Gucci* slacks into an *Abecrombie & Fitch* white dinner jacket and go down to *Le Grand Maxim's Casino de Paris* in Rio de Janiero for my first confrontation with Mudslinger. From across the room, I spot him sitting smugly at the Scrabble table, trouncing a millionaire banker by producing an especially doctored dictionary to prove that there really is such a word as "Zwxqjuv."

The banker complains, but Krunch, Mudslinger's eight-foot-tall henchman (exploding teeth, radioactive earwax), forces him to pay up and feeds him to a python.

"Ah, Mr Bond," says Mudslinger nastily, "we meet again . . ."

"Yes," I reply wittily, "you seem to have taken that five hundred foot fall into an unstable nuclear reactor rather well . . ."

"But of course," he sneers, scratching his aluminium nose, "would you care for a game. Oxford English rules, of course."

I sit at the Scrabble table, and play a brilliant game, flooring Mudslinger with my command of adverbs and pronouns. He starts to sweat as I rack up a triple word score with "death", and, when I administer the *coup de grace* with a deft "to" followed by an unbeatable "bastard", he bites off three of his fingers in wordless rage.

Displaying his characteristically foreign lack of sportsmanship, Mudslinger has Krunch try to turn me into a hamburger in a Singapore back alley. I get out of this one by putting his head in a goldfish bowl full of piranha. When it came to the Krunch, I bowled him out. Tee hee!

Back in Reykjavik, I buy a three-scoop cone of my special mix from Snordlij Svenssonson, the only ice cream man in Northern Europe worth mentioning. Unbeknownst to Snordlij, someone has replaced the montelimar fragments with *Slug Death*. Before I get a lick in, Passionfruit Throbb, a beautiful, half-naked adventuress comes along and, being a gentleman, I give the cone to her. She gets killed instead of me, but I don't feel too bad about it. Going through life with a name everybody laughs at can't be too much fun. At least she got her just desserts. Tee hee!

"I get out of this by putting his head in a goldfish bowl full of piranha."

Then, I fly to Hong Kong for a nap. In my suite, I stumble across Clitty Cummings, a beautiful, half-naked assassin, fiercely loyal to Mudslinger and determined to have my balls for earmuffs. We start out fighting, but end up making turbulent, aerodynamic, brain-blasting, thirst-quenching love on the balcony. During a post-coital cigarette, I push her over the parapet just in case. I guess you could say that I got the drop on her. Tee hee!

Obviously, the hotel has been partially wrecked during my residency, but the government pays to tidy up. I am very grateful for the way my expensive lifestyle is generously supported by the uncomplaining British public. Only last week, Q gave me a writstwatch that converts into an aircraft carrier. Apparently, it cost more than the D.H.S.S.' entire annual budget. I particularly remember the watch/carrier, because it was the one I left on the train.

When I get fed up of wandering around the world getting shot at and having sex, I dial directory inquiries and find out where Mudslinger's current island headquarters is located. I follow the signposts to the hide-out, get captured (silly me!), and nearly get my nuts fried with a laser beam.

After seeing my best friend brutally murdered (easy come, easy go, eh?), I hang around the swimming pool a lot, and get into a fight with hundreds of B.A.S.T.A.R.D. agents. I may be outnumbered, but at least I am secure in the knowledge that, as long as I keep my lucky rabbit's foot charm, I never get shot. Thanks to its protection, I can run about ten yards away from a horde of crackshot marksmen with high-powered rifles, and always come through it unscathed.

While I am making head-banging, toe-tingling, tongue-twisting, clodhopping love to Desiree Desirable, Mudslinger's wanton girlfriend, I notice that the arch villain is lighting the blue touch paper of his ill-gotten cruise missile. Obviously, the end of the world is merely seconds away . . .

After a relaxing bath and a glass or two of *Chateau Neuf de Pape* '34, I get out *Jane's Book of Thermonuclear Devices* and follow the instructions for defusing a cruise missile. Mudslinger makes one last, desperate attempt to be wittier and better-dressed than I am, but I plug his shark into the mains and his island explodes.

By this time, my Savile Row suit is covered in watermelon, *guano*, bits of my best friend, *Heinz* tomato ketchup and shark vomit, plus there is a nasty burn all the way up the inside leg. I run into Screwsannah Sexualio, a beautiful, half-naked Armenian spy and invite her up to my hotel room. She cleans my suit. Then I go back to the office (it's my turn to get the sandwiches on Tuesday) and catch up on my paperwork. M is annoyed with me because I forgot his cigarettes.

After work, I drop by my club for a few hours of making wild, vermilion-scented, centrally-heated, Olympic freestyle love to Bimbo Jiggle, a professional lady. You know, it's odd, but I never seem to meet girls with ordinary names. It's boring, really. I'd give anything to be able to go out with a Jane Brown or a Sally Smith, but . . .

I go home, have my *Ovaltine*, garotte the Libyan assassin X, in the hallway with my Walther PPK (a little trick I learned from the Young Conservatives), climb into my *Captain Scarlet* pyjamas, and go to bed to dream of elves and fairies.

When I was young, I wanted to be a racing driver. But I'm glad that my mother talked me into getting a good, secure, steady job with a Civil Service pension at the end of it."

ILLUSTRATION BY DUNCAN GUTTERIDGE

Continued from previous page

hoopla over the same director's *Platoon.* Except *Salvador* was too hot an anti-Reagan potato for the Academy to recognise Jimmy's greatest work with anything other than a nomination scroll.

His day will come. Maybe when he finishes playing weasels, scumbags and other low-lifes, and adds to the fresh chapter of roles begun in Canada's beautifully flawed *Joshua, Then And Now* (1985). Not sure if his upcoming *Cop* will help — his second film for Kubrick's old partner, James B. Harris. Woods is a chauvinist cop, his girlfriend is the latest victim of a serial killer. She's found nude, handcuffed and carved-up . . . on a stove with all four burners going. There's a note on the body: Dinner's ready.

Something else I should make clear. Jimmy's among my favourite actors — and interviews. The two are rarely synonynmous. (Try interviewing Harvey Keitel or Tuesday Weld, sometime). We've had some good times over eight years on the Euro film festival circuit. I've seen him grow from something of an outsider with an enormous chip on his boney shoulders about The Hollywood System (well, he once starred in a telemovie with Marie Osmond) to top billed stardom, increasingly sure of his place within the system he'd love to change.

"They don't like his apparently pock-marked face — result of running through a plate glass window at 17."

As always in a crowded festival programme, a writer who is not on the staff of Time, Newsweek or The New York Times, has to hustle to win a scanty 30 minutes with a star. With incoming phone calls, outgoing girlfriends, publicity huddles about changes about dinner and all the pals dropping by to say "Hi!" — you're left with about 18 minutes — invariably shared with Italian, Czech and even Peruvian writers who speaka nota gud Engleesh and waste five minutes saying, "Your last film, ze one behind ze one we am saw yesterday noonafter, ees among my films favourites of all ze time . . ."

That's another reason I like Jimmy Woods so much. He rabbits like Rambo's machine-gun locked on fire, so the 13 minutes left is more like 30 on tape. He then makes a date with me in the bar later on. Minus Italians, Czechs or Peruvians.

So, I can't fathom what the various Academies have against him. Though I have my theories.

1. They don't like his apparently pock-marked face — result of running through a plate glass window at 17. Oh sure, it's possible. Otto Preminger once told me he rejected an actor a film "because of all those holes in his face". The actor was Richard Burton.

2. It's a throwback to the days when Jimmy was so *angry* about Hollywood and had the guts to bite the hand that sometimes fed him. He admitted compiling a hit-list to get even with.

"There's not one thing better in Hollywood than vengeance. For ten years, these little punks have stuck it to me. I starved, worried about the rent while they worried about finding the right kinda oil for the Ferraris bought by their fathers. Their attitude is if you have $5million you can treat somebody like dirt because they don't . . . Well, I'm gonna get every last one of 'em. They gonna squirm!"

3. Then, of course, he happens to be one of the most intelligent actors around Film City where the average IQ figure is lower than Cannon stock. Born in Rhode Island in 1947, Jimmy grew up as an army brat all over the States. He graduated from the highly prestigious M.I.T., the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which explains why he holds so many producer-bozos in contempt.

Woods made his screen debut in *The Visitors,* virtually an Elia Kazan home-movie in 1971 and went through the usual set of small-time roles. Who remembers him in *Hickey And Boggs, The Way We Were, Night Moves, Distance, Alex And The Gypsy*? Who the fuck wants to remember the massacre of Joe Wambaugh's great *Choirboys*?

"People who are interested in people are not interested in power. People who are interested in power are not interested in people. Film-making is about people — moving them, touching them, leaving them happy or sad, laughing or crying. Which is why a lot of power-hungry people in Hollywood are making rotten movies."

Before Wambaugh, it was dear old Aunty Beeb who gave him his starring break in the brilliant *Billion Dollar Bubble* docu-drama made by Brian Gibson for the *Horizon* series in 1976. Woods later framed his first repeat-fee cheque.

"The frame was more expensive than the fee — £4.10. No, I swear to God it was £2.10!"

Back home, he finally became known as Meryl Streep's husband in *Holocaust.* "He's one of the smartest actors around," Meryl told me. "With a lacerating wit — very black — which got me through what was a devastating experience to say the least."

Class work followed as he selected wild, off-beat roles with care, though the films rarely matched his own sheer electricity. Until his cop-killer in *The Onion Field,* from Wambaugh's best-seller, the most chilling account of a true murder case since Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood.* Then, there was *The Black Marble,* another slice of Wambaugh cop-art, *The Janitor* with William Hurt, *Fast Walking* for James B. Harris ("spent the whole time in bed with Kay Lenz"), Ted Kotcheff's staggering *Split Image,* about deprogramming a Moonie-style cult member and, of course, *Videodrome* . . . And he still won't let on just how the special-effects were achieved for the shot of him carrying a gun *inside* his chest.

"It's called protecting the magician's trick," he says. "It'd be rude to Rick Baker if I said anything. He might want to tell you some day. I will say it took *19 hours* on the set to get that one shot."

His tight schedule lost the role that won an Oscar for Lou Gosset in *An Officer And A Gentleman.* "Lou deserves it. He did a wonderful thing by taking a cliché and making it different. Quite frankly, it wouldn't have been as interesting for me as it was for him."

Then, of course, he reached the summit. Co-starring with Robert De Niro as the two Yiddish gangsters in Sergio Leone's epic, *Once Upon A Time In America.* Jimmy's biggest movie and "greatest film-making experience." So much so, he didn't know how to follow it. While still musing on *Joshua, Then And Now* and *Cat's Eye,* he took a small role in *Against All Odds* because he felt he owed it to Taylor Hackford, the director of *Officer And Gentleman.* He called it his victory lap, before going into the locker room for a long rest.

He didn't come out again until some bravura TV work and joining Brian Dennehy in *Best Seller.* "Oh, I was offered something else for a whole lotta money. I was tempted, too. But I didn't do it. Number One — I didn't like it. Number Two — I'd rather be poor and rested than rich and dead."

Salvador.

Number Three — no more scumbags?

"C'mon, Tony, you know me better than that. You know I'm quite a normal, simple-going, down-to-earth, pleasant country boy and ex-altar boy . . . with somewhat off-beat tastes. Of course not many Hollywood bozos have the imagination to work out the old joke — that's just acting. Some of the people I play I don't like very much, but, hell, there are some directors you're glad to work with but don't wanna have dinner with. I've always been drawn to those kinda characters — whatever *choice* I've had in the matter — because they're more interesting to play. I mean, what does it take to be good-looking and stand there on your mark and have somebody take a close-up of you *listening* to the other guy talk? Anybody can do that! I like to be the other guy doing all the talking and crazily carrying on. That's fun stuff to do."

Did you research your Videodrome *pervert . .?*

"Hey! It's not difficult to lie around naked on top of a naked Debbie Harry all day, you know what I mean? Certain instincts take over after a while and make the scene really play. Nude scenes are hard for women. To break the ice, Debbie jumped in my dressing room stark naked, yelled "Aha!" — and jumped out again! David Cronenberg makes the most bizarre movies I've ever seen. I'd like to work with him again — if he'd just dream a little more . . . normally! He only writes at night — from his dreams."

Would you work with Spielberg or Lucas?

"I'm a great audience for their films. They're *terrific* — for what they are. But they're in a completely different business from the business I'm in. I don't think I'd be very good in their films, I'd throw them off balance. Can you see Bobby Niro chasing Martians . . ? Do you know what I'm saying? It'd be pretty amazing to think of *me* shooting Darth Vader with a space-gun. That would be like Marlon Brando in *Superman.* The greatest screen actor in the history of the cinema — perhaps — and he's running around with white hair and a Krypton suit. Just something wrong about that."

Yet you auditioned for Star Wars . . .

"I'm damned sure I never told you *that!*"

No, but someone else did.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened. Brian De Palma and George Lucas were having joint meetings for casting *Carrie* and *Star Wars.* I went along, and Lucas and De Palma were on the phone kibittzing. I sat down and they said: "Oh, hi! How are you?" They talked on the phone some more, laughed at each other and said: "Thanks for coming in." And I left. That's it!"

That's your entire Lucas experience?

"Right! Turns out, in retrospect, I'm just as happy that way. The last thing I'd wanna do is be Han Solo or have pig's blood dropped on me. But I do think it's kinda interesting that the one time I met those guys in a professional capacity . . . I got to listen to them talk on the phone. Now, of course, they'd probably put the phone down and pay some attention to me."

It took ten years or more before you could say you'd made it . . .

"The reasons are the same reasons that makes Hollywood a rotten, gold-plated sewer of a town. Guys who can't tie their own shoelaces are driving around Beverly Hills in $80,000 cars — "Hey, look at me, I'm great!" They're not great. They're stupid! I don't mind if somebody is stupid, but they're stupid and arrogant . . . about being stupid. I can name a million examples of films where they wouldn't even see me for parts . . . from *Day Of The Locust* to *Slaughterhouse 5.* My experience had been that if California fell into the ocean and I happened to be in New York that week and was the only actor left alive, they'd do a talent search in Paraguay to find some movie star rather than pay attention to the body of work I've built up. I seem to have had some difficulty in competing with the bozo of the week, *their* idea of who's gonna be wonderful . . . like Michael Pare, Michael Moriarty, Bill Atherton. All those guys who are basically boring. The studios have lists of who they'd finance films with — now, of course, there's no way they'd avoid me. They don't have any choice anymore . . ."

Partly thanks to Salvador. *Not an easy one to encapsulate in a few fast words . . .*

" 'The studios have lists of who they'd finance films with — now, of course, there's no way they'd avoid me.' "

"I dunno, how about: Jack Kerouac goes to El Salvador! It's the whole story of that country as seen through my character's eyes. Richard Boyle is such an eccentric. Instead of being a heroic photo-journalist, he's really the drunken loser who manages to stumble on the truth. He gets down there, three pesos in his pocket, always getting kicked out of places for being drunk and whoring around. But because he really likes the people — *cares* about the people being found in ditches with their eyes cut out — he comes up with startling facts while everyone else in the media there just wants to service the news-agencies, do their two weeks for CBS and get out."

Jim Belushi told us the film was too political for the big studios to handle . . .

"What appealed to me most is that it takes no sides. That's good. If there's anything history has taught us, it is that if there's an "ism" behind any word, it's full of shit. So, it's as political as you can be — therefore, very political. Because it shows the folly of any political movement. There's oh-so-

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Pop songs are dead – long live the pop song. International is one way of putting it, eclectic is another. Checking out the credits reveals an incredible number of musos representing a wide range of different styles. That motley assortment makes itself felt through a series of jazzy hybrid numbers which seem to blend into an overall sound that's difficult to pin down. Part of that is probably down to the way the music was written. The tracks started life in New York as improvisations, they then travelled to Paris and got messed around with. Other musos were brought in and the songs allowed to evolve. Melody lines and lyrics weren't thought about at this stage. The idea was that if you have them at an early stage they impose too rigid a structure on the development of the song. Freedom from that structure is presumably supposed to lead to innovation (which is a touch ironic given the essential sameness of the tracks on this album). Melody lines were improvised afterwards and lyrics fitted in last of all. It almost works, trouble is it all sounds a bit contrived, and the fact that the lyrics merely echo old Talking Head songs and obsessions doesn't help. But even with those reservations it's an album that's superior to most you're likely to hear.

Andy Oldfield

Record Of The Month

MOJO NIXON & SKID ROPER
BO DAY SHUS!!!

'Charisma and chutzpah from the champions of cheekiness' says the sticker on the shrink wrapper of Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper's ***Bo Day Shus!!!*** *(Enigma)*. Bloody right too. If your local record shop doesn't stock this masterpiece, complain bitterly and keep on complaining until they do stock it. Mount picket lines until every store in the land has a window display. Believe me, not to stock this record is a crime against humanity. Consummate anarchic goodies: rock 'n' roll, Chicago blues riffs, country and western, ripalong guitar licks. A powerful brew served up with style, feeling and humour. Mojo (vocals/guitar/freakout) theologizes convincingly about The King: 'Elvis Is Everywhere' – even in cheeseburgers, even in Joan Rivers (although he's trying to get out), he's everywhere and in everything except in the embodiment of evil, the Anti-Elvis (Michael Fox – sounds fair enough). Elsewhere, on 'Wide Open' he pleads for freedom in the USA. Check out the expose on drug testing 'I Ain't Gonna Piss In No Jar'. The foot-stomping 'The Polka Polka' and 'I'm Gonna Dig Up Howlin' Wolf'. I defy anyone not to party to 'Gin Guzzlin' Frenzy' or fail to be won over by the cogent and noble philosophy underlying 'Wash No Dishes No More'. These Californian mushroom maniacs (I merely quote from the 'Work-Discouraging' T-shirt) are modern day messiahs – celebrate lunacy with them. The Screamin' Church Of The Epileptic Jesus looks set to take over the world – don't fight it.

Andy Oldfield

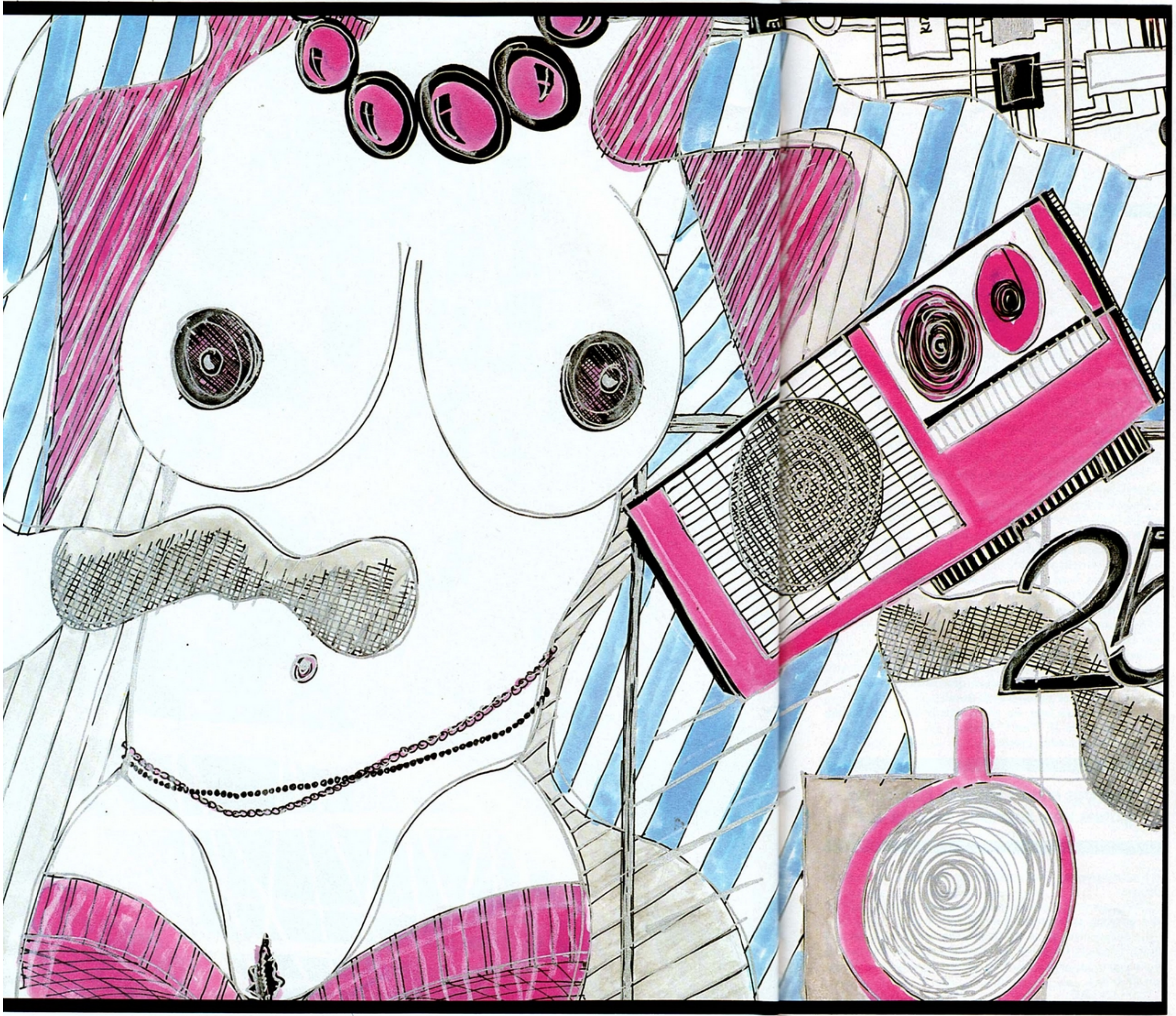
ATSY CLINE
O·M·A·N·Y·S·E·C·R·E·T·S

Patsy Cline is a name that may not mean much to music fans unfamiliar with the history of American popular music – but she was the female equivalent of Buddy Holly. She was a pioneering spirit, a shining star who redefined the status of female singers within the country music world – and she died in a plane crash in March 1963, just two years after her first No. 1 country hit. In those two years, she had achieved seven top thirty country chart entries, and ten top one hundred pop chart hits – she was one of the first – if not *the* first – to achieve this cross-over success. ***Too Many Secrets*** *(Starburst)* covers the early stages of her career, from 1955 to '58; it features recordings made for the Four Star label before she switched to Decca and hit the No. 1 spot with 'I Fall To Pieces.' The best track is the very first: the incomparable 'Walkin' After Midnight' – a brilliantly-sung country blues ballad which reached No. 3 in the country charts. Just one listen to this little classic tells you why many critics still say she was the best female country singer ever, and why so many current stars give credit to her for inspiration. None of the other songs here touch such heights, but there are still some worthwhile numbers such as 'Never No More' and 'Too Many Secrets'. Patsy Cline – a timeless talent never too late to discover.

One of the successors to the legacy of Patsy Cline is the lovely Nanci Griffith, whose latest album ***Little Love Affairs*** *(MCA)* is a real treat. Like Patsy Cline did in her day, Nanci delivers the goods with a traditional country music repertoire that pleases the purists but also avoids the sentimental excesses that her contemporaries – even including the likes of Emmylou Harris – are prone to suffer from. Nanci has a voice that is instantly recognisable and distinctively versatile – one moment she 's delivering her best country croon, next she's growling like a true little rock 'n' roller. Her band, the Blue Moon Orchestra, can play with more than a touch of style, too; which all adds up to one of the best country LPs of the year so far.

NANCI GRIFFITH

Rupert Metcalf



Delmore O'Brien AND THE ORGASM OF SOUND

KNAVE FICTION

DELMORE O'BRIEN thought he had it made when his beloved Uncle Frankenheimer expired and left him a legacy. But, as PAUL MANN relates, the bequest could be more trouble than it's worth...

and worthy stuff.

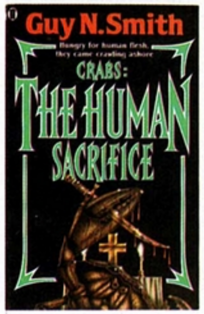
More graphic goodies, from *Titan* this time. For a mere **Camelot 3000.** An SF treatment of the legend of Arthur and the Knights of the round table with all sorts of neat twists – Sir Tristan reincarnated as a sexy woman for instance – which provide plot problems and complications over and above the straightforward stuff about Arthur being summoned from his long sleep to come to Albion's rescue as Aliens start laying the Earth to waste. Ingenious adult entertainment.

There's a couple of enjoyable paperbacks with wide market appeal among the recent publications from *New English Library*. **Mercedes Nights** by Michael Weaver at £2.50 is a post-hippie, neo-cyberpunk science fiction novel which doesn't let its fascination with sex and drugs overpower the plot. There's almost as many as references to Castaneda in this book as in Burroughs' latest! If you think that all the potential problems concerned with clone technology have already been dealt with, read this and see how wrong you are. Guy Smith's **Crabs: The Human Sacrifice** at £1.95 is a horror story with more than its fair share of sex, gore, violent death and cancerous mutant crabs nicely contained in a pacy plot which works to a satisfying conclusion.

MERCEDES
NIGHTS
MICHAEL WEAVER

Johny Rogan's book on pop managers **Starmakers And Svengalis** *(Queen Anne Press, £12.95)* has a lot to answer for. I'd happily forgotten all about Tony Christie and Leapy Lee ... and who needs reminding? Apart from that, this book's a goldmine of anecdote, gossip and hardfact about a selection of great managers and their artistes, from Larry Parnes and Brian Epstein through to Malcolm McLaren and *Some Bizzare* supremo, Stevo. Well researched and fascinating.

Charles Warren



HULLABALOO
STARMAKER & SVENGALI

Movies

Three films this month zero in on the love life of the female yuppie. Zero is the word. The hard-working ladies have very little. As Cher, playing a yuppie lawyer in **Suspect,** laments: 'I don't have a life. I don't date. I'd like to have a child and I don't even have a boyfriend. I hang around with murderers and rapists and what's worse is, it grows on you.' She's a cut-rate defence lawyer, reluctantly defending a brutish-seeming male hunk from a murder rap. That's about all I can say without giving away the plot, which has more twists than Cher's hair has curls. Neve mind if the ending goes haywire, the suspense along the way should curl your toenails.

In **Making Mr. Right,** the lady is a public relations expert. To save time, she shaves her legs and armpits while driving in to work and she's so cuddle-deprived, she buys wrestling magazines. Her girlfriend's love-life is in not much better nick: 'It's hard enough to get him alone. It's hard enough to get him hard.' But she finds joy through work after all, for she's hired to market a new improved android, constructed, not from stainless steel and copper wire, but from protein, thus looking and feeling like prime hunk of man. True, he lacks the training in finer feelings so important to the gentle sex. 'What do you call these?' he asks, grabbing her tits. Turning to TV commercials for education, he smears her lipstick from nose to chin and says, 'It takes a man this sensitive to know your needs.' When he finally makes it, the orgasm turns his head completely. Through 180 degrees. Lots of big loud simple laughs.

In **Switching Channels,** Kathleen Turner is an ace TV anchorwoman. Her heart does the three-way splits between (1) her career, (2) Burt Reynolds as her ex- (and boss), and (3) Christopher Reeve as Mr Squeaky-Clean. This tantalising triangle is foreshortened by a cornball tale about crusading reporters saving a nice old convict from crooked politicos and the electric chair.

In **A Tiger's Tale** Ann Margret plays a delectable forty-year-old who takes over her daughter's boyfriend. It's an erratic but often sensitive mix of high-school comedy and bitter-sweet love affair. The title keeps that interesting theme a secret, and similarly this film doesn't really settle into itself until about the diaphragm scene (see *Film of the Month*). But its fine detail follows in the tradition of films like *Citizen's Band*. And Ann Margret gets more magnificent each year, by now, she's practically the white woman's answer to Tina Turner.

Do we have space to discuss **Dark Eyes?** Not enough to do justice to this finely-wrought Art Picture. Made in Italy by a Russian director. It's a languid mood-piece: Chekhov sadness, wry smiles, delicately-textured mists, glowing furnishings. Grand stuff for connoisseurs and dyed-in-the-wool romantics, but too aloof from modern life for the likes of me. I prefer the rough and relevant.

Eddie Hartley

Movie Of The Month

FOOT LONG HOT DOGS

Movies are getting raunchier than ever. Even romantic comedies are bursting out all over with gags so gross-out they wouldn't disgrace the Knave jokes page. Why, I can remember when movie characters hadn't the faintest idea how babies got born, let alone started; nowadays diaphragm jokes come a dime a dozen. This month, for example, *The Couch Trip* incorporates a TV commercial where a strict father rummaging through his son's bedroom comes across a packet of condoms; he beams with pride because his good boy buys the right brand. In *Making Mister Right*, a newly-constructed android, not properly programmed yet, tries to eat a lady's diaphragm, then tries it out as a deaf aid, and lastly shoves it up her ear. In *A Tiger's Tale* the whole plot hinges on a leaky diaphragm; when his lady love won't start a family for him, tiger-tail claws a hole in one. When it's not the gadgets it's the bodily parts. In *Switching Channels*, Burt Reynolds fondly remembers how he used to rub lotions into his wife's pussy whenever she came out in a nervous rash from the strains of being a TV anchor-woman. *The Couch Trip* begins with a (real-life) sex-expert explaining that 'every man has a tiny vagina and every woman has a very tiny penis'. It goes on to show a splendidly eccentric radio psychiatrist encouraging straight talk from a shy phone-in caller: 'What you're trying to tell me is that your love sausage doesn't fit your wife's beard-clamp, right?' And it gradually builds up to a pop psychiatrist having so many patients that he doesn't know what to do, until he packs them off to mass therapy sessions by the coachload, yelling through a bullhorn: 'Premature ejaculators in the first coach, non-ejaculators in the second coach, retrograde ejaculators in the third coach . . .'

For top banana in this ish, I nominate **The Couch Trip.** It's by *Ghostbusters* out of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.* Only here it's 'Psyche Busters'. Dan Aykroyd plays a highly smart nut-case who poses as a head-shrinker, strays into a radio show, perpetrates all the no-nos, and gets his ratings blowing their top. Walter Matthau is in there too, as a defrocked evangelist crusading against cruelty to vegetables. It's a bright bushel of hilarious nonsense but, as in *Cuckoo's Nest* and the whackier Woody Allen flicks, there's much weird wisdom camouflaged as jest. Especially about the madness of therapists and the cynicism of the caring professions. I especially appreciated the psychiatrist saying, in a rare moment of honesty, 'The true paranoid is the one in possession of all the facts.' And the burly psychiatric nurses, asked when they first felt the urge to help the mentally handicapped, replying, 'When we found out we could keep hitting them without getting caught.'

Eddie Hartley

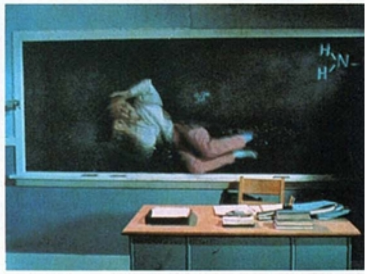
Videos

'Freddy meets Carrie meets Peggy Sue' is what the press blurb says of **Prom Night II, Hello Mary Lou** *(Sheer Entertainment),* and there's certainly some truth in that – but most of all this high school horror boasts a barrel of nervous laughs.

Remember *Prom Night* with Jamie Lee Curtis? Neither do I, but it hardly matters because this is not exactly what one could truthfully describe as a sequel. Pick up the story, then, as beautiful but wicked Mary Lou Maloney confesses to a young priest that she has sinned many times with many men, 'And,' says Mary Lou, as she scrawls her phone number on the wall of the confessional in bright red lipstick, 'I've loved every minute of it.'

Mary Lou is set to become the 1957 Prom Queen of Hamilton High, when her boyfriend, Billy, who has just caught her backstage getting physical with Bud, drops a stolen stinkbomb into the proceedings, but it's a pyrotechnic device he's nicked, and soon the glamour girl is done to an on-stage crisp.

Thirty years later, it's Prom time again, and the young hopeful Vickie finds some of Mary Lou's possessions in a trunk in the wardrobe cellar. But possession is the word, as Vickie soon discovers when the spirit of the long-dead beauty escapes from the trunk and takes over, determined at last to be crowned queen.



Wendy Lyon as blonde Vickie provides the naked flesh, Lisa Schrage is heart-breakingly gorgeous as the brunette vamp from the past, and the special effects are much more than passable – my favourite is the lecherous rocking horse. This semi-spoof is a scream in more ways than one. Highly recommended.

If you ever saw the Channel 4 broadcast of the **Max Headroom** pilot story, you will be surprised to see another version of it appearing in **The Adventures of Max Headroom** *(RCA/Columbia).*

This US remake for Lorimar television has been put together with one or two different sectors in order to provide continuity for a whole series of Sci-fi adventures, of which three volumes with two episodes per volume have been released onto the video market simultaneously.

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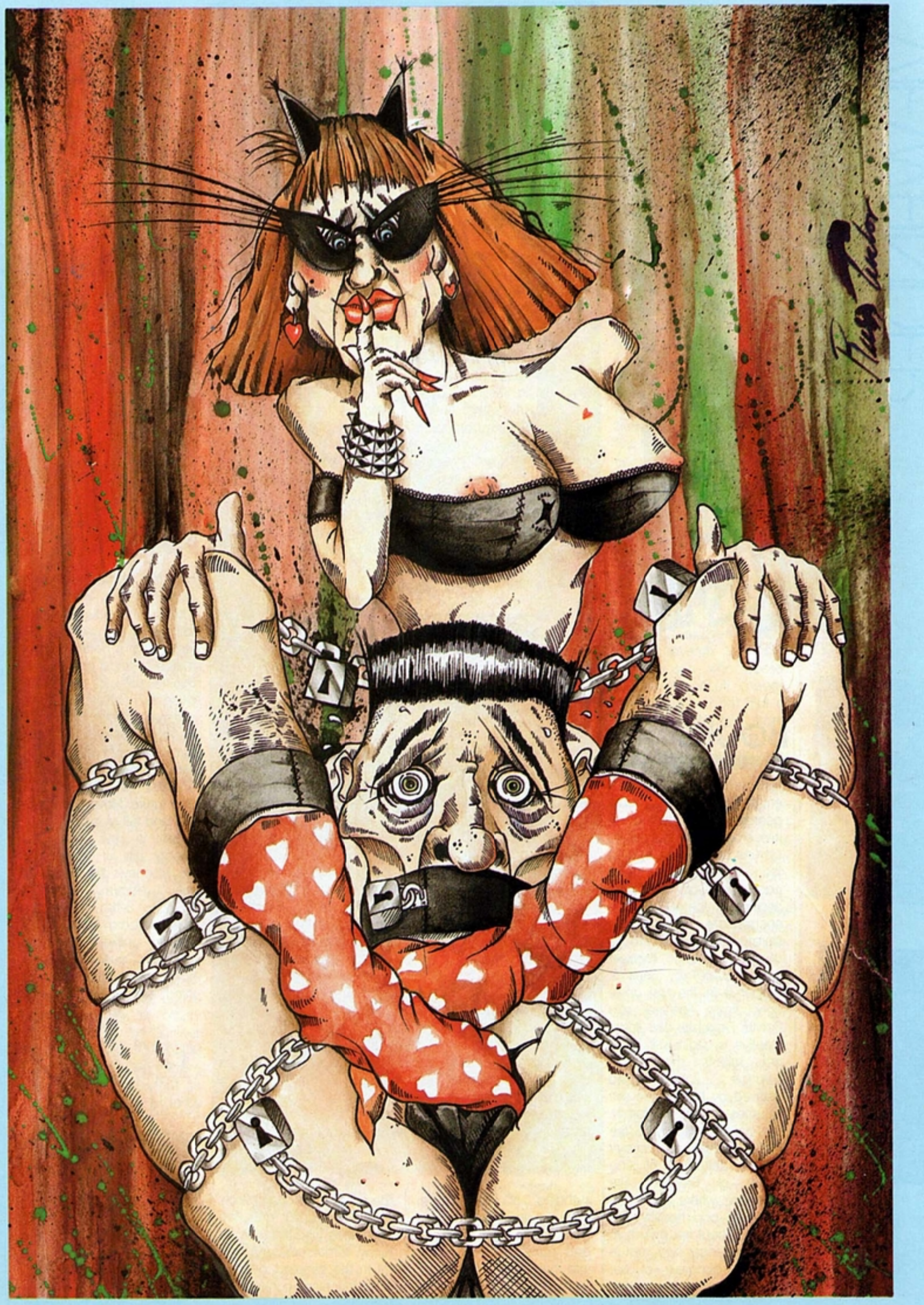


QUIET DARLING, I THINK MY HUSBAND'S HOME.

future, journalist Edison Carter has entered a secured building with his EG camera to investigate the mysterious case of an exploding person. But the bosses at Network 23 pull the plugs on him, and Carter's in-studio controller leaves him to the mercies of the paramilitary police force.

With new controller Theora Jones (delicious Amanda Pays, still there from the original) Carter uncovers the fact that the station's compressed ads (Blipverts) are causing viewers to spontaneously blow up in fragments of goo. But Network 23 can't allow the story to get out and they decide to liquidate Carter, first making a computer image carrying the journalists memory patterns – Max Headroom.

However, our hero escapes the body bank he's been sold to as 'dead', and along with Theora and Max, sets out to nail down this and five other journalistic coups. Highly enjoyable stuff with vaguely *Blade Runner* atmospherics, and starring – of course – Matt Prewer as Edison and Max.

In brief: **Mascara** *(Warner)* concerns an opera costume designer who is innocently drawn into the shadowy world of a transvestite/transexual nightclub frequented by the luminaries of an unnamed European city.

Thinking he will get to dress and undress Gaby (Charlotte Rampling), Chris understandably agrees to provide a master creation to Gaby's police chief brother, Bert. But when he gets to the secret, subterranean venue, Chris finds himself dressing a beautiful – if you like girls with willies! – hermaphrodite called Pepper (Eva Robins).

When Bert kills Pepper, having confessed his incestuous tendencies to her, he has the bright idea of framing Chris for the murder. Not my cup of tea, I'm afraid.

Mind Over Murder *(CIC)* is quite a fun, imaginative thriller for those who like the sort of scenarios you might find in *The Twilight Zone* or *The Eye Of Laura Mars.*

Dancer Suzy begins to suffer odd experiences, beginning with the action around her grinding to a halt in a cafe, leaving only her and a bald man as moving people. Later, Suzy 'hears' the flight deck conversation of a crashing airliner, and with the help of investigators (of both the accident and psychic types), realises that the bald man is the saboteur and that she will meet him in potentially fatal circumstances. Look out for Robert Englund (Freddy of the *Elm Street* movies) in a supporting role.

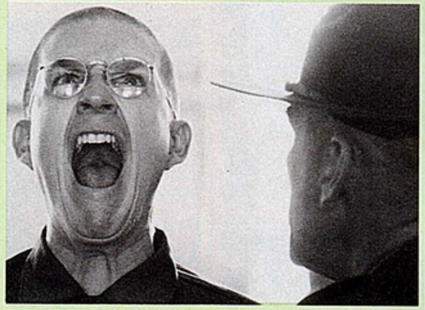
Death Games *(Sony) Hill Street Blues* stars as 'Mace', a detective so nicknamed for having squirted mace down a suspect's throat to make him talk.

Busted down to basic vice squad duty, Mace is assigned, along with a clean-out, play-it-by-the-book partner, to find out what connects the heroin overdoses of a couple of hookers-cum-strippers. Working under cover as a strip club bouncer, he discovers that all the girls (more deaths follow) were at a party with a Bulgarian 'trade mission'.

Worried, the dirty Bulgars put a garroting maniac on the streets, and no-one involved is safe. An entirely watchable cop thriller spiced up with a spot of stripping.

Martyn Lester

Video Of The Month



The problem with most war films is that, even when they don't set out to do so, they glorify war and turn it into entertainment. I cannot say that **Full Metal Jacket** *(Warner Home Video)* definitely avoids such difficulties, but the film chooses its subject (as does the novel it is taken from, *The Short Timers*) as the processes of dehumanisation which turn an essentially decent human being into the cynical and callous fighting unit that countries need to fight wars against each other.

Because of this, our 18-year-old hero, Private 'Joker', has been transformed into an anti-hero long before he reaches Vietnam. It is at the Parris Island Marine Corps training camp that a selection of more or less suitable examples of American youth are put through the physical and emotional mangle by a frightening master sergeant (a real-life drill instructor, Lee Erney) who could teach the people who write to Penpower a thing or two about profane vocabulary.

It is here that Joker must take the decision to abandon an inadequate fellow trainee 'for the good of the corps'. These are the lessons the graduates take with them to Vietnam, where Joker is posted to the press section – in other words propaganda. But he does get to see field – or rather city action, and when he does, it's not more amusing than the horrors of training camp.

You are guaranteed to groan audibly when a Vietcong sniper keeps a platoon pinned down by repeatedly only wounding anyone who goes in to rescue the first casualty.

Quite as good a film as you would expect from director Stanley Kubrick, and one not to be missed.

Martyn Lester.

Records

A manager's lot is not always a happy one. Poor old Simon Napier- Bell had his hands full with the Yardbirds and their constant bickering and infighting, so when he found himself in 1966, managing a group of nice, good looking, fun-loving lads by the name of The Silence, he must have thought his luck was in. Shame they weren't up to the musicianship of Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page, but you can't have everything.

The group changed their name to John's Children (after their bass player, John Hewlett) and found themselves attracting a hippie following. **John's Children In A Midsummer Night's Scene** *(Bam Caruso)* is a retrospective album of a group that never quite made the grade. They did support The Who on occasion, and managed to move away from their initial goodie image by provoking most un-flower child like riots, but they eventually broke up with no great reputation behind them.

John's Children
in
A Midsummer Night's Scene

From the start, chart success was elusive, so manager Bell did the honourable thing (ah, those innocent days of chart fixing) and laid out enough cash to payola their single 'Just What You Want' into the charts at number twenty-eight. From that position, it did absolutely nothing, it was out of the charts by the following week – give it a listen and you'll understand why.

The recruitment of Marc Bolan as lead guitarist and songwriter almost paid off, but the commercial 'Desdemona' got itself banned when the Beeb took umbrage at the lyric 'lift up your skirt and fly'. A shame really, because the group did develop and much of the material on this compilation is enjoyable sixties psychedelia – especially the Bolan compositions.

Feel No Shame *(EMI)* is the debut album by Dublin band Aslan. (Why would anyone want to name themselves after a self-righteous feline martyr out of a C.S. Lewis fable?) Their rise to fame seems assured, winning the right awards, indie chart success, supporting Bowie at Slane Castle, a bit of sound-track work with U2 and Elvis Costello ... and naturally into the mainstream as headliners.

Aslan
Feel No Shame

The single 'Loving Me Lately' opens proceedings, and sets the rock agenda. Gutsy and attacking, it's a great opener. There's a new version of 'This Is', the debut indie single which storms along. The comparisons with U2 are inescapable, but not particularly helpful. Aslan are individualistic, they're definitely not proto-stadium rock clones. In their four years together, they've evolved their own approach and achieved a more than respectable level of musical ability. All this is put to good use on the album. The next one should be even better.

Late of The Opposition, Mark Bell and Marcus Long, have called themselves So and come up with **Horseshoe In The Glove** *(Parlophone)*, a sophisticated and moody album which should do well in Europe and the States, as well as in the home market. The accent is on layers of sound, rich textures, tinkling piano and raunchy guitar. Influenced by jazz, pop, funk and ambient music, it manages to synthesize its roots into a commercial sound that pulls you in and cements your attention. Tracks like 'Dreaming', the debut single 'Are You Sure' and 'Tips On Crime' augur well. Accessible and enjoyable, it's also ideologically sound – the band support Amnesty International – wish I had a CD player to spin it on. *(Is this some kind of hint? – Ed.)*

The New Percussion Group Of Amsterdam was founded eight years ago, exploring the richness and variety of percussive instruments. One of the things that it has successfully managed to do, is explore the musical interstices between different traditions. Thus, on **Go Between** *(Editions EG)*, the soloists featured on the cover are the Japanese marimba expert, Keiko Abe and one-time Yes and King Crimson drummer, Bill Bruford.

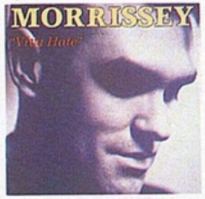
There are just four works on this album. Track one is the almost rock, almost minimalist, title track, complete with haunting vibraphone, marimba and xylophone. 'Redbone' evokes pagan hollow tree trunk drums, simple trance-inducing rhythms punctuated by peacock gongs. 'Marimba Spiritual' is an eerie vehicle for the incredible technique of Abe. Eastern and western influences both come into play on the final track 'Maenaden'. It's all innovative stuff, accessible and worth investigating.

THE NEW PERCUSSION GROUP of AMSTERDAM
GO BETWEEN

Music For A New Age, proclaims the press release attending **The First Frames** *(MMC)*, a low price CD or cassette-only sampler courtesy of various artists on the MMC label – Ian Lynn, RMS, Herbie Armstrong, et al. All the artists have proven track records in various fields (Ian Lynn for example, did the music for Lives And Loves Of A She Devil, as well as acting as musical director for Gerry Rafferty and Barbara Dickson).

The claim is that this is New Age music in its truest sense, combining high-tech sounds with bona fide musical sensibilities - could be, the sampler's definitely worthwhile.

Old Morrissey seemed such a cheerful chappie when he was with The Smiths – made me chuckle anyway. His solo departure's just as funny. **Viva Hate** *(HMV)* is the comedy platter in question ... and boy, does the lad pack it full of funnies. I can't understand all this nonsense about his supposed obsessive introspection, the critics surely jest. 'Late Night, Maudlin Street' is just so funny: 'Love at first sight may sound trite but it's true, you know'. Brilliant! Not since The Scaffold ('Buttons Of Your Mind') has a pop person made me chortle so much. The music doesn't quite live up to the lyrics, I mean it's there but how can it compete with one-liners like: 'Nobody stays up for you when you have sixteen stitches all around your head'. Stitches? Morrissey'll certainly have you in 'em.



Old country freaks will doubtless recall Gene Simmons and his 'Haunted House', a Hot 100 hit in 1964. A new compilation, **The Haunted House** *(Magnum Force)* is a rockabilly reprise including a version of the hit single, material from the 'Catahoula Cur Dog' LP and some previously unreleased stuff. It's all good fiddling, country, blues. Should go down well with good 'ol boys and aficionados of the Nashville croon.

GENE SIMMONS
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

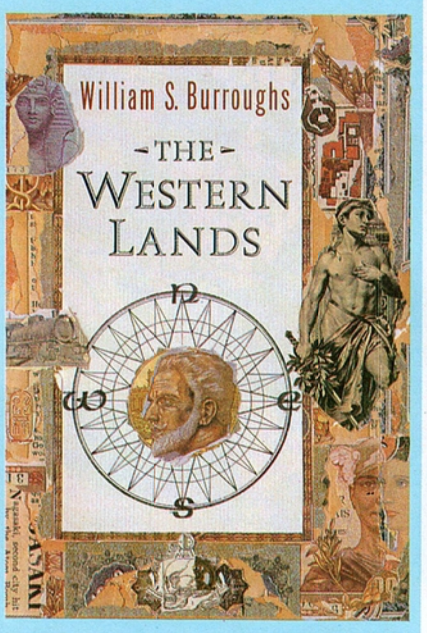
The Toughest *(Parlophone)* is a retrospective compilation/ memorial featuring the late Peter Tosh, beaten up by the police at the 1978 Kingston Peace Concert and murdered in his own home in September of the same year. There's some unfortunate omissions from the ex-Wailers canon. No 'Legalize It' for instance, but the sentiments behind that one do manage to manifest themselves on other pro-sacrament tracks such as 'Bush Doctor'.

Heavy, hypnotic reggae done expertly is a fair summary, on the whole. It's a good, solid collection. Old Wailers' numbers like 'Maga Dog', a cover of the Temptations' 'Don't Look Back' complete with Mick Jagger duet, and a cover of Chuck Berry's 'Johny B. Goode' which is an amusing idea if nothing else. There's also the man's own compositions such as the excellent 'Equal Rights/Downpresser Man'.

The Pointer Sisters have been one of the most consistently popular dance bands in chart and club terms over the past ten years. **Serious Slammin'** *(BMG)* is their latest album; it will do absolutely nothing to harm their reputation – synth drums, disco beat, everything necessary for sweaty bopping. Hmm, get down baby.

Naked *(EMI)* is the latest Talking Heads departure.

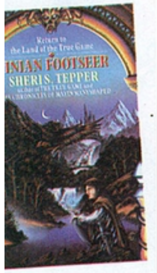
Book Of The Month



There's an expectation that, by now, William Burroughs' should be not so much beat as burnt out. However, **The Western Lands** *(Picador, £10.95)* is not a plodding stylistic dinosaur, not a hep-cat living fossil book of the dead. It's a cut-up above the rest. All the traditional ingredients of a Burroughs' novel are here. It's a non-linear anthropological foray through horror, disembowelment, coarseness, masturbation, seminal fluid, fear, life, death and beyond. 'All the filth and horror, fear, hate, disease and death of human history flows between you and the Western Lands.' Packed full of literary illusions and allusions it combines elements of any number of genres. A sort of *Pilgrims' Progress* doffing its cap to the universe via *The Teachings Of Don Juan* and the *Egyptian Book Of The Dead*. It outlines the most dangerous path in the world, the one which 'gives access to the gift that supersedes all other gifts: Immortality'. By all accounts, Burroughs is preparing for his own sideways step out of this life and onto the next Bardo. Mind you there's still some sense of attachment to this world. Burroughs has developed an affection for cats that's almost as powerful as his horror/fascination of the narcotic bites of centipedes and the hallucinatory venom of snakes. This is a book which defies summary and demands to be read. Don't expect a neatly plotted storyline. Submerge yourself in the prose, go with the flow and prepare yourself for death.

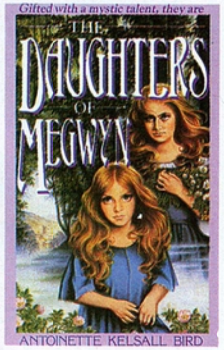
Charles Warren

Books

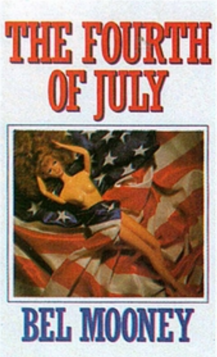


Fantasy is one of the most enigmatic and variable genres around. From absolute crap that's an insult to anyone capable of reading the ingredients list off a packet of Corn Flakes, to priceless gems which encapsulate everything literature is supposed to be about. **Jinian Footseer** *(Corgi, £2.50)* by Sheri S. Tepper is in the last category. Jinian Footseer aka Dervish Daughter aka Jinian Star-Eye is a girl with Wizeard talents she hardly suspects. Bullied and unloved by the people she assumes to be her family, she goes eventually to the famous school at Xammer as the betrothed of King Kelver of Dragon's Fire Demense, where she suffers boredom and hostility. The book is about her growth to independence and maturity; the discovery of her inner strengths; her understanding of nature; her communion with the old gods, the forest, tree-rats and bunwits; her initiation into full blown Wize-ardry. As the story unfolds, so does the richness and complexity of Jinian's world and the characters who live in it. It's funny, sometimes sentimental in the sweetest possible way, touching, ecologically sound and highly recommended.

Headline are keeping up their high standards. **The Daughters Of Megwyn** by Antoinette Kelsall Bird (a snip at £2.95) is a piece of compelling historical fiction – very strong on plot and character. Set in the sixteenth century, it's primarily the story of a women named Bess, a healer and herbalist, whose ambivalent relationships with her mother and daughter lead to a sense of insecurity. Suffering from a heavy dose of medieval angst and alienation, it's not until her granddaughter arrives that Bess grasps the essential wisdom that enables women to survive in a patriarchal world. She achieves a vision of the oneness of past, present and future. Moving, perceptive and full of insight.



Set in the hot and sweaty bits of America is Bel Mooney's **The Fourth Of July** *(Hamish Hamilton, £11.95)*. British photographer, Barbara Rowe strikes up an unlikely friendship with sex queen Annelisa Kaye, a vivacious young thing whose fundamental misery is kept at bay by generous applications of nose candy. Essentially a study in morality and character, there's a well developed ironic vein focusing in on the interplay between individual freedom and group pressure. The group in question centres around girlie mag owner and editor, Anthony Carl, and his 'family' – wife, mother, teenage kids, business partners and executives. The backbiting, hypocrisy and social manipulation is expertly conveyed. The pervading self-righteousness and easy justifications are plain funny. It's a rattling good story too.



If my memory serves me well, J.G. Ballard's **Empire Of The Sun** was reviewed in this column when it appeared in hardback. Well, since then the film's appeared and so has the paperback version – *Grafton, £2.95.* It's the moving story of one boy's experience of war. The Japanese invasion of Shanghai means drastic changes in the life of young Jim Graham, cut off from his parents and forced to rely on his own wits and the unpredictable whims of others. Through it all he survives and matures, learning necessary skills like eating weevils. It's a tale that it's almost impossible not to be moved by.

J.G. BALLARD
EMPIRE OF THE SUN
NOW A MAJOR STEVEN SPIELBERG FILM

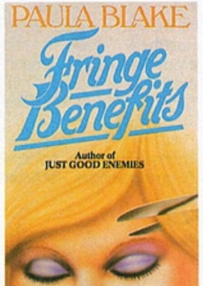
Julian Fane's **Cautionary Tales For Women** *(Hamish Hamilton, £11.95)* hits you like a proverbial bolt from the blue. For the first few pages you're struck by the stylistic weirdness which evokes *The Arabian Nights.* Once you've overcome that, the book's a delight, a collection of anecdotes and examples which 'chart some of the rocks and shoals on which vessels loaded with the hopes of women founder.'

JULIAN FANE
CAUTIONARY TALES FOR WOMEN

You may not know that they have such things as World Disco Dancing Championships. If you read Maria Whittaker's autobiography. **Maria!** *(Star, £2.99)* you'll learn all about it and how Maria won it. You'll also read the story about Billy Connolly's pubic hairs. It's an interesting book of gossip and assorted items .

MARIA!
MARIA WHITTAKER with MADELEINE PALLAS
THE INTIMATE STORY OF BRITAIN'S NO.1 TOPLESS BEAUTY

If you thought that **Fringe Benefits** by Paula Blake *(W.H. Allen, £10.95)* was about hairdressing, you wouldn't be entirely wrong. Jim, one of the two main characters is in fact a struggling self-employed hairdresser with a vacuous girlfriend, Cheryl, who wants to get married so that she needn't work in the supermarket anymore. To launch his new salon, Jim employs the services of Sally, a depressive PR person with a live-in, bicycling, vegetarian, high-fibre wimp of a boyfriend called Ken. All well and good, and only mildly complicated by the fact that Ken and Cheryl end up paired off while Jim and Sally get down to a stormy love-hate relationship. Where it gets really complicated, is in the fact that Jim and Sally shared a bed together when they were both much younger. Jim at the time was pretending to be a poofter and seeing as he never owned up back then, their re-union is beset by all sorts of misunderstandings. Don't write the book off as soap opera fodder though. The misunderstandings and conflicts are worked through with admirable craftsmanship. Sexy and funny, this perceptive book reveals more about contemporary hang-ups than you might be able to cope with.



Browsing through some books left over from last year, I came across an omission from the Knave book column that has to be put right. **Hancock's Half-Hour** *(BBC Books, £8.95)* is a brilliant collection of scripts by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson from the 1950s comedy series. Complete with introduction, biographies of the comedians involved and an informative glossary, this book will serve as a glorious exercise in nostalgia for those of a certain age. For us youngsters, it's excellent background reading for all those radio and TV re-runs which (absolutely rightly) are bound to be broadcast over and over again.

Rodney Matthews is one of my all-time favourites as both record sleeve illustrator and fantasy artist. Michael Moorcock wrote some of the best stock heroic fantasy adventures ever. Elric the albino Prince and his sword, Stormbringer, are amongst the most powerful creations in the Moorcock canon. Bring them all together and you get the superb **Elric At The End Of Time** *(Paper Tiger, £7.95)* where Elric, the tortured, reluctant hero,is catapulted into the bizarreness of Chaos and the shadowy realms where personal identity becomes almost arbitrary.

Elric
AT THE END OF TIME

The Covenant *(Hale, £10.95)* will do nothing to tarnish Michael Falconer Anderson's growing reputation as a horror merchant capable of achieving sales figures to match the best in the genre. A retired LA cop, Al McBaith, goes to Scotland and the small village of Aragarr, the home of his ancestors. When he arrives he learns that strange things have been going on, inexplicable violence, suicide and murder. McBaith is the seventh son of a seventh son who doesn't realize his occult lineage, at least not at first. But as the supernatural horror grows and threatens the entire community, so does the realization that he's at the centre of an evil prophecy. To save the village, he has to kill. That's bad enough, but as the book ends you can see that his problems are only just beginning.

THE COVENAN

The Adventures Of Luther Arkwright – Transfiguration by Bryan Talbot *(Valkyrie, £4.95)* is the second volume of an extremely ambitious graphic novel series. Luther Arkwright is a hero somewhat in the mould of Jerry Cornelius. Enmeshed in alternative paranoid realities, the political and personal nightmares of Arkwright are illustrated in detailed black and white line drawings, which are subtle, complex and almost cinematic. At the same time you can recognize the style of the illustrator of the old Chester P. Hackenbush dope strips, that used to abound in the underground press. Weird

SNAPSHOT SHOW

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This is a weird one, courtesy of K McNamara. Nothing wrong with a spot of elephantine bonking, but I'm not sure why they need the remote-control unit...

These two gentlemen were spotted at Rochdale Municipal Baths by M Sandstrom. Rumour has it that they are the turd-catchers brought in after the Boy Scouts Swimming Finals.

The latest product of genetic engineering — intelligent rodents. As someone in the office said, "What a forking clever mouse!"

A rare shot from the Asst Art Ed's boudoir. Hopefully, I'll get this in before she...ouch!

Racked my brains thinking of something witty to say about this from F Dorel. It's Japanese, and they seem to be worshipping a prick. So what — it's common practice in the USA too!

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PENPOWER

Continued from page 95

push his prick in and out. He kept this up for some time, patiently and lovingly sliding his long prick into Sandra's cunt until he managed to penetrate her right up to the hilt with no discomfort. I could see that Sandra was now enjoying being fucked by the big hunk of a man and I turned my attention back to doing the same to Julie.

Julie raised her legs and I could feel my prick sliding in and out of her cunt. She was thrusting her hips towards me and then rolled over, so that she was on top. With her hands raising her body, she thrust at me with all of her might and then gave a short, stifled scream as she climaxed. We rolled over again and her legs parted. I rammed my prick as hard as I could into her cunt. She fondled and twisted her nipples as I went faster and faster, until I then stopped, thrust my prick in hard and emptied my load. At that point, we both fell apart shattered! As we rested, we watched Pete and Sandra. I could see from the sweat on their bodies that they were also very near to coming. Sandra's legs were thrashing about as Pete slowly withdrew his prick to the edge of her cunt and then rammed it in like a piston. They both gave a shout and then they lay still. As Pete pulled away, we could see his fast-softening prick come away still covered with his own semen.

The rest of the cruise was a delight! The ladies often went into dinner, not only without bras, but also without their briefs. We rarely slept in our own cabin and whenever we went on an excursion, we always found a spot where we could exchange our sexual pleasures. The cruise came to an end too quickly, but we were delighted when Pete and Julie changed their tour plans so that they could join us for a few days at home. They've invited us to visit them in the States and so we are now saving all over again! – *L.D., Lancs.*

Colour Blind

Why don't you ever feature black girls in Knave? Not that your ladies aren't beautiful, of course, it just seems as though they all tend to be white/blonde or white/brunette. — *E.O., Birmingham.*

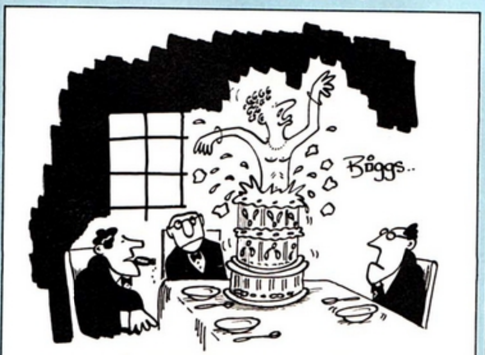
Good point, E.O., unfortunately, there just aren't many black models around — but we'll keep trying! — Ed.

German's Sausage

I was on the island of Fuernteventura, still an undeveloped sunspot and a paradise for nudists, when the German girl came up to me.

It was evening and the sweeping beach was lit by the silvery glow of the setting sun.

'You are on holiday by yourself,' she said. 'Let's walk along the beach, I know a place where we can go.'


"Who ordered the fruitcake ...?"

We walked. Our two bodies – brown all over – must have looked good together, strolling along that shimmering beach.

Not that I found the walking easy. Unlike the island, she was *not* under-developed, her golden tits hanging there so close to my hands. My prick, sensing opportunity, stopped flopping about in its usual manner and began to stiffen.

'Don't worry,' she said, looking down, a wicked smile crossing her face. 'It looks good . . . I have a good use for that.'

> **"As I went on fucking myself, I watched her fingers moving in and out of her slit."**

Suddenly, still in the middle of the deserted beach, she stopped and swung round to face me. Her hands reached for me as she sunk down to her knees.

'It feels good, too,' she murmured, grasping me tight and pulling my now throbbing prick towards her mouth.

She ran her fingers along me, feeling my whole length until, cradling my balls in her hands, she sucked my end into her mouth.

'Tastes good, too,' she said, her flicking tongue pausing in its exploration for a moment.

'What do you do when you are alone?' she asked, looking straight at my penis; her fingers running over the now swollen veins.

'Go on doing what you're doing,' I answered, 'and I'll tell you.'

'You do it with your hand?'

'Sometimes.'

'Then don't tell me about it. Show me.'

I stood there, looking down at her – being rather embarrassed – but her lips and teeth were soon back at work as she sucked, licked and nipped her way along my penis and down to my balls.

'Go on,' she murmured – her mouth half full of testicle.

I reached down and began rubbing myself. I was gentle at first, but then – as I started to enjoy the familiar sensation – I began to rub in earnest, faster and faster.

My prick grew even more as my hand flogged up and down over my glans.

'I want to see you,' I gasped. 'See you . . . See you!'

She reached around my waist and pulled me down on to the sand.

I lay on my back, still pumping away, and she shuffled closer until she was kneeling right beside my head.

The sun silvered her nipples and her pubic hair as she opened her legs and pushed her finger in. I could see her cunt was smooth and slippery, glistening with juices.

Still thrusting with her finger, she turned her gaze back to my prick.

As I went on fucking myself, I watched her fingers moving in and out of her slit; watched her bronzed body twitch and jerk with mounting pleasure . . . And then, suddenly, I came.

My back arched against the sand, my pelvis jerked upwards, and a streak of semen burst from me.

'Come on!' she cried. 'come on!'

She leaned over to look at me closer and her mouth was right over my prick when another white stream shot out. She bent down, her tongue searching the little hole in my end, and I erupted again.

She sucked and licked as a third – and a fourth – jet coursed up into her mouth.

As my body arched and shuddered for a final time, she pulled her head away a little – releasing my still throbbing end from her mouth – and began to lick me, clearly enjoying the salty taste of my semen.

I lay still for a while, enjoying her licks and the gentle caress as her fingers wandered through my hair and around my balls . . . I suppose I dozed off for a

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KNAVE FICTION

DELMORE O'BRIEN AND THE ORGASM OF SOUND

Six a.m. — I could just make out the time on the clock through my gummed-up eyelids. Jesus! The heatwave seemed to be getting worse. Waking up with that 'been pegged out in the desert for days' feeling doesn't exactly get a body off to a good start!

"You awake, Delmore?"

"Well what do you think!" I replied, my voice coming out thick and reptilian, uuurgh.

Shona was standing by the kitchen doorway, my cream bathrobe hanging loosely around her.

"It's hot isn't it!" she said.

"You've got a gift for the obvious, Shona baby, now get me some orange juice."

She shot me one of those dumb-girl-trying-to-look-unfathomable looks and scuttled off into the kitchen. I propped myself up on my elbows as she came back in with the juice. I could see that the robe had become a little looser, giving me a good view of her shaven mound. The tips of her wrinkled pussy lips moving together as she walked. She handed me the orange juice with a slight smile.

The orange was ice cold. I gulped it down greedily, letting it explode with pleasure at the back of my throat. Putting down the glass, I picked up my horn rimmed glasses to get a better view of her enticing labia. Ah yes, a cigarette and a fuck in that order and I'd begin to feel human again!

She sat on the bed and brought one knee up slowly, almost accidentally. Her cunt lips were slightly parted, pouting at me. Randy bitch. Raven-haired Shona of the shaven mound, always, but always, ready. My wang was starting to pulse.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The wall vidphone cut into my thoughts like a tongue. Always when you don't fucking need it! I rolled over and flicked the 'on' button. The screen dissolved into an expressionless android face. The voice was crackly and metallic.

"O'Brien, Delmore O'Brien?"

I pushed my glasses onto the bridge of my nose, for added dignity.

"Yeah, that's me, tin tits!"

Shona was lying face down next to me, her long fingernails running up and down the length of my spine. I absent-mindedly pushed my hand up the back of her robe and into her crotch, my fingers gently teasing and stroking her warm slit.

"Well, what is it?" I said, "Go ahead, shoot."

The metallic voice chimed up again.

"I'm afraid I have some rather unpleasant news for you … You may like to stop what you're doing and brace yourself!"

"No, not really," I replied. Shona was starting to lubricate, and I was quite enjoying the feel of my fingers just inside her outer lips.

The droid tried to look stern.

"As you wish. The news is that your uncle, Frankenheimer O'Brien, expired at two a.m. this morning. And that you are the sole benefactor of his estate!"

My fingers stopped moving.

"Oh Delmore, don't stop," Shona sighed.

"Sorry babe, but this is big!" Bigger, I should have said.

The image on the vidscreen faded. I jumped off the bed, adrenalin and ideas coursing through me.

"Shona, I've gotta get showered and dressed, call me a hover cab, will you."

Uncle Frankenheimer was an aurologist, a good one too, the last I'd heard he was working for a big muzak company, the guy was probably loaded.

Shona looked up sulkily.

"Couldn't it wait a while?"

I shook my head. "You know what they say, babe, every shroud has a silver lining!"

The hover cab took the long way round.

"Sorry about this, bud," the driver said, "Bad air currents over sector 20, y'know how it is."

Yeah I fucking do, chiselling bastard, I didn't protest too much though. Most of these bastards had their rigs fitted with ejector seats, and doing a swallow dive towards somebody's concrete roof is not a good way to travel!

Twenty minutes later we glided quietly onto the landing stage of apartment 27, West 17 Block.

"That'll be 25 credits, brother."

> **"Stockings and no knickers. Already, my glasses were beginning to steam up."**

I passed over my cred card and he inserted it in the auto-charger.

"Sorry about the detour, bud, damn air currents eh!" He said, grinning, as he handed the card back over.

I nodded blankly, as he turned the retros back on and slowly lifted off. I watched it fly out of sight, into the maze of sky-scrapers and walkways. The sickly radioactive sun glistening off its hull.

"Mr O'Brien?"

The voice boomed out like a cannon, almost making me jump off the landing stage. I turned angrily.

"What the fuck do you think you're … uh," my voice trailed off as I looked into the hard, cold face of the voice's source. She was about thirty-four or thirty-fivish with a lean angular face. Dark hair tied up into a bun. Large pointed breasts and a wiry muscular body, all wrapped up in an old fashioned maid style uniform. In the 22nd century it should have looked out of place, but somehow it didn't.

I pushed my glasses back up onto the bridge of my nose, and shot her my cute 'I need looking after' smile. Not a flicker.

"You are Mr O' Brien, I take it?" The tone was sharp, reprimanding.

"Well I'm not the Count of Monte-fucking-Cristo!" Still no emotion on that icicle of a face.

"I've already prepared a room for you. After your uncle expired, I didn't think it would be too long before you showed up!"

She turned towards the door.

"If you'll just follow me, Mr O'Brien."

"Delmore," I said, "Call me Delmore."

She gave me a withering glance.

"And you can call me Miss Quartz!"

"Uh-huh." I mumbled. Yeah, I could see that we were going to get along famously.

Once inside, she gestured about her.

As you can see, the apartment is quite spacious, and I have chores to do, so if you don't mind …"

"Showing myself around." I finished the sentence for her, as she disappeared through a door to my left.

Quite spacious, Jesus, the place was a fucking barn. Seventeen rooms later, I still hadn't gotten over the size of it. I opened the door of the eighteenth room and stepped right into what must have been Frankenheimer's laboratory. Thick coils of wire disappeared in all directions, snaking into huge banks of speakers, tape machines, computer links, mixing desks and splicing machines.

The place was more like a junk shop than a lab. A sheaf of notes lay on one of the desks, next to a box of miniature 'button' transmitters. Might as well have a look, see what the old fool was up to.

Ten minutes later, I knew I was onto something. I read the passage again, 'If the right notes are emitted, at a very low frequency, undetectable to the ordinary hearing, they will act directly upon the females hypothalmus or back brain, releasing wild and orgiastic passions. These will continue to be released until the emission of the 'Liberator' code is ceased. Warning -- if the strength of the signal is increased, so is the radius of effect.'

Liberator code, sure enough there it was in the machine in front of me — a small cassette marked 'Liberator'.

If this was true, and I hardly dared believe it, a low frequency sound, impossible to detect, that could give total mastery over women to anyone emitting it. Through, I guessed, a small unnoticeable transmitter. It was too good to be true — the guy must have been nuts. But then again.

A half hour later, I fixed the last wire into place and set the frequency and impulse strength. A small pocket sized cassette player relaying the signal by remote control to a button transmitter. I fastened the button transmitter under the lapel of my jacket and slipped the cassette player into my pocket.

The only way to find out was to try out. And the nearest female around was a certain Miss Quartz. Some acid test, huh?

I threaded my way back through the maze of rooms, towards where I'd last seen her. She must have been in the kitchen cooking up a roast of some kind. Just follow your nose, Delmore baby. Easy meat.

Finally, I reached the kitchen. As I came in, she turned from the stove.

"I trust you're not going to make a nuisance of yourself, Mr O'Brien!" she said in schoolmarmish tones.

"Last thing on my mind, Miss Quartz." I grinned as I slipped my hand into my pocket and switched the cassette player on.

I didn't know what to expect. Nothing probably. But when she turned round again, the effect was magical. Her icy expressionless face transformed into a look of pure animal lust.

"Forgive me for being offhand with you, Delmore, but you know how it is."

I didn't, but I nodded anyway.

"Perhaps you'll allow me to make amends!" She flecked her tongue across her lips obscenely.

"Well, yes," I said, my speech becoming noticeably thicker.

She padded over to me like a panther.

"Perhaps I could earn your forgiveness like this."

She took my hand in hers and traced my palm along her

Continued from page 85

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KNAVE FICTION

DELMORE O'BRIEN AND THE ORGASM OF SOUND

Continued from page 83

inner leg. The warm feel of silk, then cool fleshy thigh. Shit! She was wearing stockings and my dick became hard immediately. From cool thigh to rough pubic hair. Stockings and no knickers! Already, my glasses were beginning to steam up.

"Like this." She pushed my fingers up against her moist slit.

"And like this." She pushed my forefinger all the way inside her and began to gyrate her hips. With my other hand I managed to free her magnificent tits. Perfect white flesh, each breast peaked with a beautiful, rock hard, pink nipple. I took one into my mouth appreciatively, gently massaging the surrounding flesh in rhythm to my sucking. She trembled with orgasm and let out a throaty growl.

"Looks like we've got a visitor!" She purred, lewdly eyeing the bulge in my pants.

"Better see what the little feller wants!" I managed to mumble.

She eased herself off my finger and undid my fly. My rod sprang out like a rocket.

"Ooh yes," she whispered, and moved her head towards it. Her warm moist tongue slowly, lovingly, licking around the crown. Whilst she gently ran her fingers up and down its length, she used her other hand to caress my balls. Slowly, she began to engulf the length of my shaft into her lipsticked mouth. I could feel my balls straining under the enormous pressure. Too much, oh too much. I ejaculated in four glorious spasms whilst she noisily gulped my juice down.

> **"After I came the sixth time, I knew she was going to kill me."**

She raised her head as if in slow motion, lips glistening with spunk. She ran her tongue across them, savouring every drop. I watched, fascinated, as a globule fell onto her breasts.

"Kiss me." she demanded.

I craned my head forward into a lingering french kiss. My dick was already becoming half hard again, and this was too good to miss. Turning her around, I bent her over the kitchen table and hoisted her black maid's skirt up, her pale buttocks enticing me uncontrollably. I eased them apart with the tip of my prick, rubbing it up against her wet cunt lips. Love tunnel here I come, I thought, gripping her hips with both hands and slipping it up her a little more with each thrust. I rammed it into her only half a dozen times, before we came simultaneaously. She with a sudden jerk of her body and cry like an animal, and me with a single, strength-draining gasp.

After I came the sixth time, I knew that she was going to kill me. Totally insatiable, just too much. Reluctantly, I switched the cassette off. The look of primitive lust disappeared from her face almost instantaneously. Then, looking from me to herself a couple of times, she gave a shriek and ran out of the kitchen. I sagged to the floor and tried to shake some sense back into my head.

Recovering with a coffee and a cigarette, I turned over the possibilities of such an invention. Limitless wealth from whichever angle I thought about it. I chuckled, Uncle Frankenheimer, you really pressed the dirty button this time. I chuckled again. The sound of breaking glass from the landing stage room jerked me back to my senses.

I stumbled out of the kitchen, glasses balancing on the end of my nose and a cigarette dangling from my lips. The landing stage room was swarming with bodies. They were literally taking the place apart. In the midst of this chaos, a huge fat man presided over the destruction like a lard Buddha. One of his henchmen appeared, clutching a sheaf of papers. Uncle Frankenheimer's notes. I tried to slowly back pedal into the kitchen again, but he'd already seen me.

"Ah, Mr O'Brien!" he exclaimed, "I had a notion that you would be here."

A blob of spittle hung precariously off his bottom lip.

"I am, Emile Lardtrumpet of Lardtrumpet Muzak Incorporated. I am or shall I say was, your Uncle's employer. All this is entirely legal, if no doubt mystifying to your small mind." He glanced about himself before continuing. "A clause in your uncle's contract stipulates quite clearly, that in the event of his death, all inventions, notes, prototypes, etc, enter into my possession."

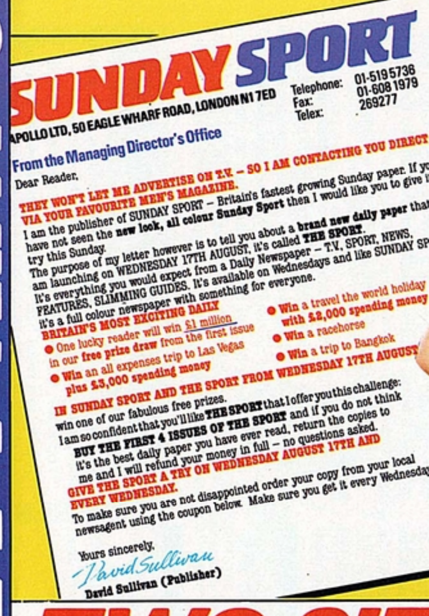
He grinned obesely.

"And with these notes, I think I can safely say, that I will die a very happy man indeed!"

He waved the sheaf of papers at me. Grinning back at him I casually walked over and patted him on the shoulder.

"You know, Emile, I think you may just be right," I said.

Outside, in a street beer parlour, across from the building, I switched the cassette player on. I'd already turned the button transmitter to a maximum impulse strength, before planting it on him. I took a sip of the ice cold beer before gazing out of the window. Already, flocks of women were beginning to gather in front of the building opposite. I took another sip of the beer and eased myself back into the velour seating. I had a notion that I might stick around for a while.



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PENPOWER

Continued from page 27

have thought I had been giving myself a vigorous frigging in the ladies, my face was so flushed and glowing. When I went home that night I took my skirt to bed with me and fell asleep with one hand between my legs while I sniffed the lingering scents of sweat and spunk that he'd left on my black, leather mini.

Helen, Nottingham.

Pins and Needles

Having just read the reader's letter "Lord Of The Rings" in your latest issue, also having seen the pictures of the girl with the pierced nipples in your Christmas issue, and being very keen on the idea of pierced nipples, I wondered if either yourselves or your readers could assist. As I mentioned, both myself and my wife are interested in pierced nipples, and have trouble in either finding how to go about it, or anyone who will do it. Do you know of anyone in Scotland who specialises in this work? By the way, we think Knave is great! — *J.P., Scotland.*

Sorry — nipple piercing is a very intricate operation, and not one to be undertaken by amateurs. Personally, I can't understand why anyone would want their tits spiked! — Ed.

The Love Boat

Sandra and I boarded the cruise liner at Southampton for our two week holiday which was to take us to Madeira, the Canary Islands and North Africa. We had been saving for over a year to go on this holiday of a lifetime, but as we went to our cabin, little did we realise that the ship was soon going to become our very own Love Boat.

Our first port of call was Madeira and we decided to join a coach trip to visit local places of interest. It was then that we met Pete and Julie, an American couple taking a break from their food business in the States. Pete was a hunk of a man, over six feet tall, dark hair and well-tanned. Julie was slim, a brunette and beautiful.

We all got talking on the coach tour and we seemed to get on so well, we decided to ask the dining room steward to change our tables so that we could sit together for meals. On our return to the ship, Pete suggested that we had a party after dinner in their luxury suite and, naturally, we readily agreed.

"Julie's body was well-tanned and her perfect breasts were tipped with delicate pink nipples."

When Sandra and I were in our own cabin changing for dinner, I noticed that she was putting on a dress with a deep, plunging neckline and no bra! When I pointed this out to her, she just winked at me and smiled. Pete and Julie were already seated when we entered the dining room and I could see Pete's eyes light up as he noticed Sandra's dress. To my surprise and delight, I saw that Julie's dress also had a plunging neckline and I sat down to my meal between the two most beautiful ladies in the room.

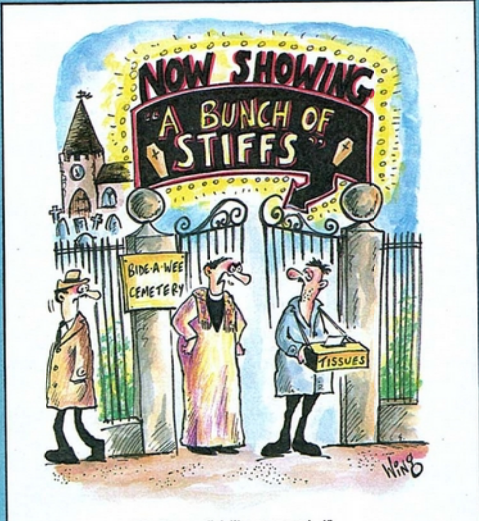
After our meal and a great deal of drinking and innuendo from Pete and myself, we took a stroll around the deck and then went to their suite. Pete had stocked up with wine and champagne and with the ship's radio playing soft music, Pete danced with Sandra whilst I was chatting to Julie on the lounge settee. Pete's hands were wandering all over Sandra's back and bottom when he suddenly realised that he could not feel a bra under her dress. He turned to his wife and shouted "Snap!" I wondered what on Earth he was on about, when he explained that Julie, too, had no bra on. I ran my hands over Julie's back and breasts and said to Pete that if the ladies wanted to flaunt themselves, maybe they should take their dresses off so that we could see them better. Julie and Sandra stood up side by side and, together, they slowly pulled their dresses over their heads to reveal their gorgeous bodies clad only in very small briefs. Julie's body was well-tanned anc her perfect breasts were tipped with delicate pink nipples. Her dark patch of pubic hair showed clearly through her white briefs and I could feel my prick rising.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Pete hastily undressing and so I quickly joined him in a race to remove our dinner-suits. When he pulled his trousers and underpants down, out sprang the biggest and thickest prick I have ever seen. Sandra gasped at this but then went down on her knees and was trying to put Pete's prick into her mouth. Julie copied Sandra's actions and was soon filling her mouth with my swollen, circumcised cock. I pushed her back onto the thick carpet, removed her briefs and began to penetrate as deeply as I could into her wet, juicy cunt with my tongue. She was moaning and sighing and gave a twitch every time I hit her lovely little clit.

I kissed her body all over and fondled her breasts until her nipples were rock-hard. Her hands reached down and placed my throbbing prick on the edge of her swollen lips. Pulling my prick, Julie slowly pushed the knob into her cunt and with one heave of her hips, I thrust my prick all the way in. We lay together, interlocked, and I turned my head to see Sandra on her knees with Pete's huge prick trying to enter her doggy-fashion. Although very wet and juicy, Sandra was finding difficulty in taking his prick in but then, with a lunge, and a scream from Sandra, Pete's prick disappeared from view and sank right up into her cunt. Sandra shouted for Pete to stop and after one or two thrusts, he pulled his glistening tool out. It looked hard and solid and must have been about 9 or 10" long.

Julie and I continued to watch as Sandra turned onto her back, raised her legs over Pete's shoulder and asked him to try again. Pete placed his knob at the entrance of her vagina and slowly started to

Continued on page 99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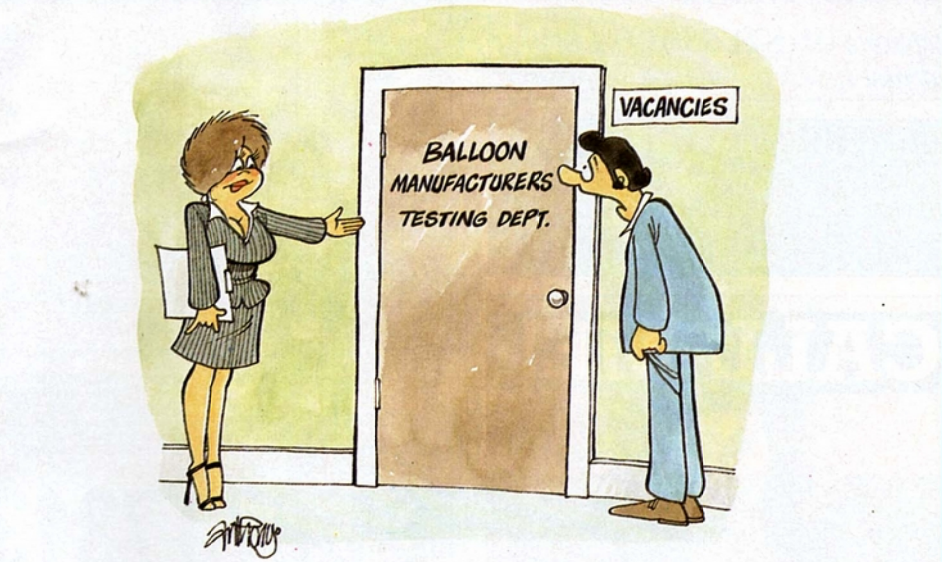

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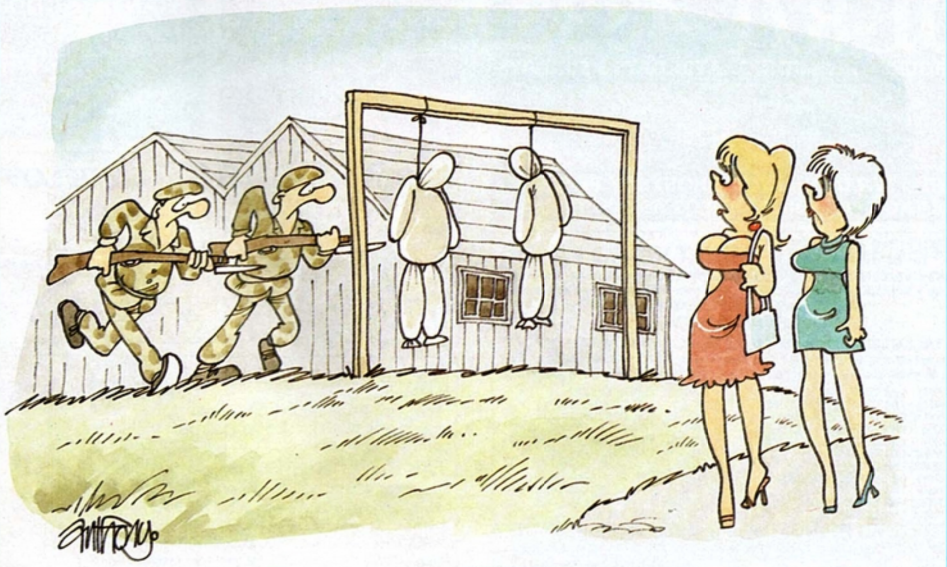

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PENPOWER

Continued from page 111

thought, I'm not going to be left behind, I'm going *with* that hunk.

When I arrived at Billy's with my suitcase, he hugged me with his huge arms and said, 'This will be a ride you'll never forget.' As we were driving through the deadly dangerous Roger's Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, I teased Billy relentlessly. By now, I saw he could no longer contain his desire. In fact, it was staring me in the face. Billy's jeans were down around his ankles, his beefstick was being the perfect gentleman and standing to attention. He asked me to make love with him while he was driving!

I thought *I* was crazy, but he was insane. I gave it some thought for a few seconds, then I jumped at the chance to do something challenging. I climbed up onto Billy's lap, but I had mixed emotions about the idea, being excited and terrified at the same time. I was convinced that he wouldn't be able to see properly and had visions of us plunging over 500 feet into the churning waters of the Thompson River.

When I first let Billy enter me, he must have thought rigor mortis had set in, because he was stiff as a corpse. His cock was as rigid as I was frigid. Even if we didn't die, what if the other drivers saw us madly making love. However, the more we bounced along, the better Billy's cock felt. The road was bumpy, and Billy's seat acted like a shock absorber. The bigger the bump we went over, the better the sensation was. Finally, I relaxed and started to enjoy myself. Before long, I didn't care if the whole world saw us and Billy's boner felt like a stick of dynamite waiting to explode. The vibration of the seat made me feel like I was screwing a jack-hammer.

Inevitably, we reached the point of no return. I told Billy whatever he did, not to stop fucking my hot honeypot. I dug my fingernails into his shoulder, and pumped myself up and down on his big blue-veiner. I was starting to get really wet at this point, and Billy's tool felt incredible inside me. We were both having the time of our lives, to say the least. Our love juices were cascading down my legs like Niagara Falls, and I saw no end in sight. I wrapped my legs around Billy, determined to stay there until I drained my energy and his throbbing tool. I finally came so violently that the truck was vibrating all the way down the Trans-Canada Highway.

> "Billy's jeans were down around his ankles, his beefstick was being the perfect gentleman and standing to attention."

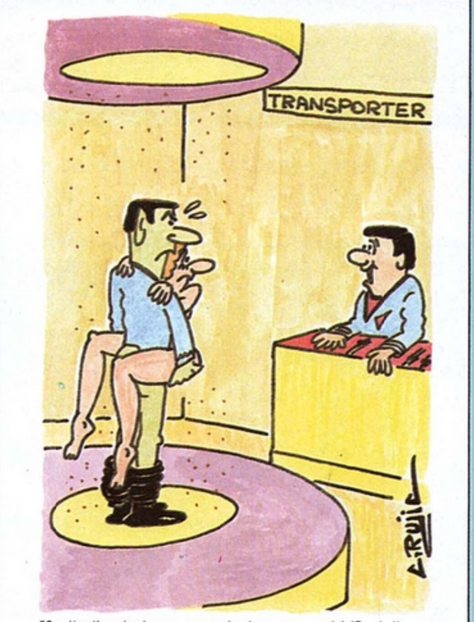
When I came back down to Earth from the upper-reaches of the cunny cloud, I realised what a precarious position we were in. However, the natural high I experienced was so intense, electrifying and thrilling, it more than made up for the scary situation we had put ourselves in. just as I was reaching the end of my ultimate orgasm, I said to Billy, "Well, if we had died, at least we would've gone in a blaze of glory!" – *L.M., Canada.*

*Readers, do **not** try this at home! – Ed.*

Double Dutch

I wish to enquire with the Knave associates as it is an impression and surprise of exhibition. Indeed, I once came in touch with a press review of Knave supplementary book from a guest, who came top our country (Gambia) on a holiday but she doesn't explain to me in length about the possibility of having been a member of such an associate but she just told me to write and seek for more confirmation about the facts. Anyhow, I wouldn't hesitate to give details on my personal dwellings. I am almost a man of about 30 years, a professional carpenter on household furnitures as well as building construction. I live in a village and I am a school teacher for carpentry and joinery work. I am vacant in love and am seeking to be occupied in meeting rooms of love. I will be in request of a correspondence to share the same optional feelings and work hand in hand without which there should be any question of why and what for. Well, preferably, I would like to have a British nationality, due to the reason that I am influenced by the British ideology for they are just and honest of nature and has the acceptance of reality than any other nationality or race, anyhow, they are an exception to the sense fact of truth. Supposing my request suits your requirements, I will be available from now onwards and hopefully I wish you will highly enhand me with one or of the many listed girls of virginity as a soul conduct of life and in that case now any admiration deprive on whatever nationality so far she is white coloured is preferable also. I wish so much for now and in awaiting for your reply, thoughtfully, it will be a warm well gesture to receive a Gambian flavour complexion. Earnestly hot sexy crocodile is a 'rose' of heavenly adherence. Knave...a black crocodile in a white womb or vagina is a colourful texture, for the fact that the sap of which a black crocodile vomits is slippery and sticky. Secret sex lives are no fun but to devise nature, its dimension vary on?...and who knows??? Knave occupied me with possibilities of applicants to my rooms and to meet their rooms too. – *A.G., Gambia.*

Remember that this is probably a phrase-book translation from the local dialect. Best translation into English wins the Asst Ed's underpants. – Ed.



"So that's what you meant when you said 'Fuck the Klingons', Mr Spock!"

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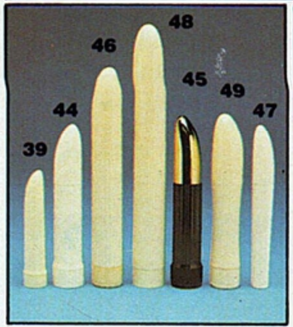

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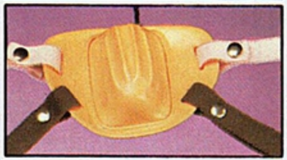

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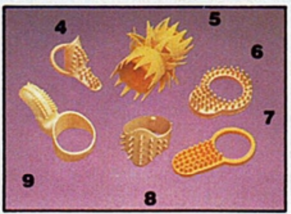

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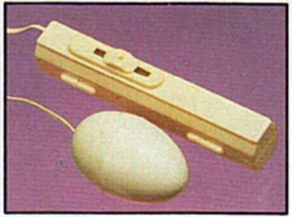

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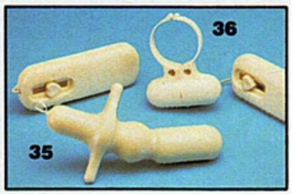

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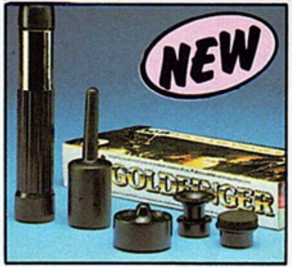

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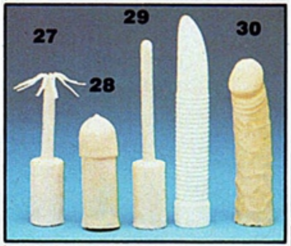

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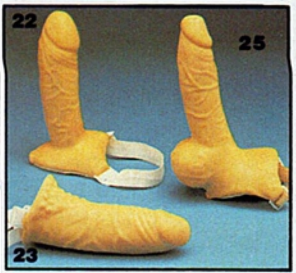

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Continued from page 99

moment, or was just carried away by the waves of pleasure that flowed through my body.

When I opened my eyes, she was astride me, her legs over my shoulders – her tongue still busily working on my prick, though now it lay, beginning to fold and wrinkle, across my belly.

She sucked my end up, teasing me against the roof of her mouth with her tongue and, knowing that she had awakened me, opened her legs . . .

The invitation was too much to resist – just what I needed in fact – and, my penis erect again in her mouth, winning its battle with her voracious lips, I ran my tongue up along the base of her spine and into her cunt.

I eased my way through the wiry tufts of her pubic hair and probed into her opening vagina. Lifting my hands up to her, so that my fingers could hold her fully open, I licked again: my tongue passing along the cleft between her buttocks and up into the deepest parts of her eager body.

I felt her shudder as my tongue, pressing into her vagina – lifting and teasing the moist skin – probed her clitoris. She sighed and moaned as I licked her, pushing back hard against me, grinding herself against my face. I could feel her clit swelling, like a grape between my lips.

At last, easing back a little, I began to bite and suck the lips of her cunt, my fingers pulling her further open. She was wide open before me, completely vulnerable and mine – it didn't matter that I didn't even know her name.

The smell of her cunt was in my mouth, her juices in my beard as I pushed her bum sideways and, understanding what I wanted, she rolled off me and onto the sand.

She lay wide open; her head supported against her hands; her tits pear-shaped; her nipples dark and swollen with desire. Her knees were lifted up, ready to swing over my shoulders, her slit glistening and inviting me.

'Come,' she said, running her tongue across her lips and making it only too clear that she longed to be fully penetrated, to be fucked to the point of complete exhaustion.

I leaned over her, and guided my prick in. I was rock hard again and throbbing like a road drill out of control.

She opened her eyes as I went in, trying to see where our bodies joined. But her eyes closed and her lips opened as I thrust further in, my hair and balls rubbing against her.

Our bodies arched together and I felt muscles flex beneath her smooth flesh as she began to climax. Her tongue pushed urgently into my mouth and she began to rise and fall more violently, giving herself up to the joy she felt as semen spurted inside her . . .

The rest of that evening on the beach was equally memorable – much more than sun and sand – but I'll have to describe that another time: if the editor so decides.

> **"Our bodies arched together and I felt muscles flex beneath her smooth flesh as she began to climax."**

All I can say now – for I'm beginning to stiffen and throb far too much to go on writing – is that I'll never forget the amazing sensation of coming inside her. My cry must have echoed along the darkening beach, like the howl of a wild animal, as, my prick ramming further and further into her cunt, we thrashed in ecstasy on the sand. – *M.K., Surrey.*

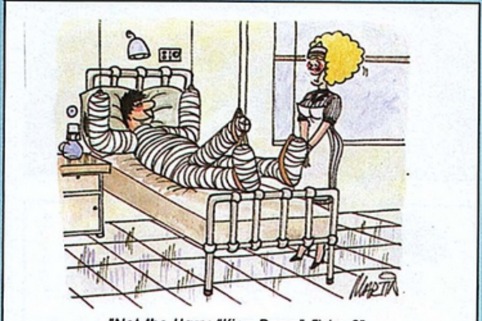
Strike It Lucky

I am writing on behalf of the entire workforce here at our company who, to put it mildly, are crazy about your magazine. Pictures from previous editions are adhered to all available flat surfaces including the MD's office!

The major topic of conversation at present is centred upon the identity of the rather wonderful lady who appeared on the 'Best Of Knave No. 5' front cover. The entire workforce has been comparing notes about this particular lady but not one of us can put a name to her or recollect any previous editions which she may have appeared in. So, in my official capacity as general dogsbody within this particular organisation, I have been asked to put pen to paper and ask your help in solving our problem.

I have also been requested by our shop steward, to point out that a strike will be called if no answer is received so please come to our assistance. Our wonderful MD could not stand the pressure resulting from such a grave industrial dispute. – *M.A., Kenilworth*

No sooner said than done, young sir! The young lady in question is called Jenny and appeared in Knave Vol. 19, No. 7. For some strange reason best known to herself, she also appeared in Fiesta Vol 21, No 1, and their 1986 Christmas issue. – Ed.



"Not the Harry "King-Dong" Fisher?"

Canada Drive

I was delighted to discover your magazine in a bookstore in Vancouver, Canada. I prefer to read British adult magazines because, in my opinion, North Americans are nothing but a bunch of prudes! Last summer, I dated a long-distance truck-driver, and I ended up driving the entire length, 5,500 miles, of Canada with him. To make matters worse, he picked a very dangerous spot to get horny in. He wanted me to make love with him while he was driving down Ten Mile Hill, which is very steep, in the Rocky Mountains.

The way it all came about was like this. I took a temporary job working in a local shopping mall last summer and, by the time the afternoon would roll around, I would get extremely bored. To help relieve the boredom, I started to watch the good-looking men who walked by the store. One man always seemed to be walking really fast, so, one day, I called to him to slow down a bit. He did, and after talking to him for a while, we exchanged 'phone numbers. Billy told me that he would give me a call just as soon as he got back from hauling a load of lumber to Calgary.

Several days later, Billy phoned me and said he had to go on another long-distance haul to Alberta. He wanted to know if I would like to drop by his apartment for a couple of drinks. I said I'd be there in about an hour. Just before I left, I called my boss, who said I wouldn't be needed for a couple of days. I tried hard to conceal my excitement for as soon as I got off the phone, I

Continued on page 113

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WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Hot from her whistle-stop tour of Middle-Eastern brothels and sexologists conventions, our resident lady of the couch, the highly-respected and over-paid BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, continues with her soul-gladdening and wallet-fattening mission to bring sexual fulfillment to the ordinary people. Problems, problems — everyone's got 'em and don't you like to talk about it? Save the sob stories for the ubiquitous Ms. Noire — we're all off down the pub!

Q: What exactly is the contraceptive sponge? Is there any advantage to that over the pill? — *M.M., Bolton.*

A: It's sold under the trade name 'Today' — and it's another import from the States, where they've had it for about 5 years. It's a polyurethane one-size-fits-all device, permeated with Nonoxynol 9, a spermicide. Before you use it, you moisten it, so it becomes sudsy with the activated chemical, which is then active for the next 24 hours. (A full day's lovemaking! Yum!) Within that period of time, you can have sex as many times as you like. It should, however, be left in place for at least six hours after the last bout.

Advantages? Well, it doesn't need a doctor's prescription, for one thing — just pick a few up over the counter. It's easy to use and fit, and it isn't as messy to use as other vaginal preparations. Also, complications are pretty minor — local irritation of the vagina is the most common bleat.

Disadvantages? It's not as reliable as other forms of contraception — it has to be used properly and consistently. Pregnancy rates for women who depend solely on the sponge can be as high as 12%, which seems a bit risky to me. Check it out with your doctor, toots.

Q: I have a problem and I would like your opinion on the matter. I find that when I sit on my girlfriend's belly I seem to get a bigger erection than I do otherwise. Is it that I am more sexually aroused by that or is it a kinky phase I am going through? I value your opinion. — *J.J., Horsham.*

A: Wait a mo. If her belly is rounded, of course your penis is going to stick up a bit more if you sit, so it rests on it — right? But if this isn't what you mean, dear boy . . . do you feel more sexually hot? What's going on inside? (Of your brain, not her stomach, unless you can get off on the idea of fertility.) Have you discussed your reaction with your girlfriend? She could provide a clue. If you really are getting a harder-on, I don't see how this is a problem. (Have you two been talking about having children? Not as strange as it sounds — a lot of men go wild when their women are pregnant!) If it is indeed a 'kinky' phase you're having, and both of you are content with your erection, then just enjoy it! (Knavel exercises? Belly-buttons can be erotic, you know . . .)

Q: Recently I caught my husband masturbating — and I can't help but wonder if it's as normal for married men to do it like single men. — *D.H., Richmond.*

A: Good heavens, my dear, why not? A lot of married men still get enormous pleasure from solitary pursuits, and it's their right — sometimes they just want to be private with their own fantasies. (Don't get insecure — you have them, too!) And sometimes he's in the mood and you're not.What is he supposed to do, dash for the cold shower every time? Maybe his sexual needs are stronger than yours. Maybe he's feeling bored or tense or . . . It's no indication that something's amiss with your sex life together, unless you already know that by now. (That would be a different matter.) Ask him some time if you can join in — have some massage oil in hand. And relax. He might even let you watch.

Q: Recently my partner and I have switched to condoms. However, we are presently having an argument. After I had come once in her mouth, she said that I would not need a condom if I were then going to enter her, as she wanted me to, as there would be very little sperm left to do any damage. I didn't want to take the chance. — *R.H., Kent.*

A: Where do you men find these women?? If this isn't a case for sex education teaching in schools, I don't know what is! Of course you can ejaculate again — and what does she think is in you, wine? And there are plenty left in you even after a couple of comes. You acted perfectly responsibly, sweetheart — tell her I said so!

Q: I might be asking the wrong people — but I can't get over the fact that my husband gets such satisfaction from reading men's magazines such as yours (he has a subscription!) — I wish you'd explain it to me! — M.H., Frant.

A: Why are you feeling threatened? I am assuming your sex-life is a satisfactory one, otherwise you can write back — that's another matter. But if your husband isn't substituting us — or similar magazines — for you, why not just consider it an alternative, and nicely acceptable way of dealing with his own sex life? Fantasies and masturbation — if nobody is getting hurt — are wonderful parts of sexuality — so why not talk with him about what pleases him, and jump in? You might get some valuable clues that perhaps he hasn't let you in on — different sexy clothing, a bit of lipstick, another position — or just a more relaxed way of enjoying sex. Ask to share his copy of Knave, first — show him your interest — and then listen . . .

Q: My girlfriend insists that having orgasms at the same time is the ultimate sign that sexually things are in harmony. I think she's wrong, but we wanted your advice. — *P.W., Holland Park.*

A: I agree with you. Does she also think storks bring babies? I never saw the point in working so diligently towards simultaneous climaxes — you get so involved with timing that the rest goes haywire — that's not what sex is all about! It can also be nerve-wracking, creating more frustration than not coming at all!

More importantly, climaxing at different times allows one partner to concentrate on exciting the other — and take time enjoying the whole process. And since the vast majority of women don't climax just by penetration anyway, it would take Olympic contortions to add clitoral stimulation along with everything else! It's fun to have yells in unison, but it doesn't mean sexual harmony!

Q: I have recently met a woman who tells me that her birth control pill has made her lose the desire for sex. Can that be possible, or is she using that as an excuse? — *C.C., Keighley.*

A: Wellllll, she could be, but the fact is, some women can be affected that way. Easy solution, sweets: she can have her gynaecologist switch her to another pill (they all have different hormone levels, constructions). Or, if that's out, for some reason, she can try another method of birth control. So could you, for that matter!

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

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AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

ALICIA TONNEAU

Grrr! Raunchy or what? Alicia flew over from Paris to be this month's Amateur Model, and made a happy man very old in the process.

Alicia (Allie for short) resides on the banks of the Seine with her man, Antoine. She's nineteen and sees something of a future for herself as a *modele professionnelle*. Who am I to argue?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Knave is always on the look out for likely lasses for our Amateur Model of the Month feature! As long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine, girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature. All we want is three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the girls look their best. We pay our Amateur Models £200 for their day's work at our studio, and we pay £25 to the photographers for sending us their polaroids or prints. A career in glamour modelling could start right here — as a Knave Amateur Model!

This November, the second Knave Amateur Model Special Issue will be published — another great Knave Special full of your favourite Amateur Models! We will soon be selecting the cover girl for this issue from amongst our Amateur Model feature applicants. The lucky cover girl will receive a £200 bonus on top of her £200 modelling fee — and the photographer who sends in the snapshots of our cover girl for the Amateur Model Special will receive a £50 bonus, as well as his £25 fee! We will also be publishing in the Special a large selection of the polaroids and colour prints sent in by our readers for our Amateur Model feature — so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave — and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

WANTED GIRLS!

MODEL'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE OF BIRTH ....

SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....

SIGNATURE ....

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3S